It comes up Mud a short story by **Damon Runyon**

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

June 10, 1933

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JUNE 10, 1933

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To introduce you to this amazing

NEW WAX METHOD

for restoring the lost beauty of your car, we offer FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY a bolt of polishing cloth FREE with every combination purchase

GO TO YOUR DEALER AT ONCE!

. . . Try these marvelous new products on your own car. Do the work yourself . . . in half the time . . . at very little cost!

We are making this special introductory offer to bring to your notice two important new products developed in the famous Johnson Wax Laboratories.

One is the new *Johnson's Auto Cleaner*. The other is the new *Johnson's Auto Wax*. Together they constitute *an amazing new method* that actually will restore the lost beauty of your car.

You will marvel at the way this entirely different Cleaner takes off traffic dirt and film that other cleaners do not remove. Yet it does this work without scratching or injuring the surface. Johnson's Auto Cleaner works on a new principle. It is easily applied, and dries to a white powder. When this powder is wiped off, the dirt and dullness come with it—and behold the lost beauty of your car!

To maintain that beauty, and *keep* your car's finish *protected*, use the new *Auto Wax*. It is so easy to apply, you can do the work yourself in *half the time* usually required. It gives your car a hard, brilliant coat of protective wax that shields the finish from sun's rays, rain, dirt, scratches. Dust slides off. Rain cannot penetrate. Washings are cut in half. Trade-in value is increased $50 to $200. The cost is so low that one waxing costs but 7 cents.

We are sure you will have the same experience that other owners have had with this new wax method. Hundreds of them have written us glowing letters of approval.

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Go to your regular Johnson Wax dealer—or to any auto supply store or service station. He will give you Free one cellophane-wrapped bolt of polishing cloth with every combination purchase of these two new products. With this combination, you can do a complete job on your car—and after that, the work of maintaining the wax finish is simple. Occasional re-waxing maintains the beauty—and between times rubbing with a cloth keeps the wax polish rich and gleaming.

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RACINE, WISCONSIN

JOHNSON'S
1 AUTO CLEANER 2 AUTO WAX

JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER	75c
JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX ENOUGH FOR 5 WAXINGS	35c
JOHNSON'S POLISHING CLOTH	FREE
COMPLETE OUTFIT (for protecting and maintaining the beauty of your car) TOTAL COST . . .	$1.10

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I've saved $3 for a Rainy Day

. . on tooth paste alone

"MAYBE you think I'm not glad I changed to Listerine Tooth Paste!

"It's worked wonders for my teeth. They used to be cloudy and dull. Now you can see how white and sparkling they are. My gums are firmer, too, and my whole mouth feels swell! I've never found anything at any price that I liked so well, or gave such good results.

"And speaking of price, Listerine Tooth Paste has saved me about $3, and I've used it only a year. You see, it costs a quarter, and the difference between that and forty or fifty cents may look small, but it mounts up.

"That old saying about saving for a rainy day has a new meaning for me. It had already been raining for a couple of years before I woke up, but believe me, I've learned to watch the small items now. I'm darned glad to save $3 on my tooth paste — especially when I prefer Listerine Tooth Paste anyway!"

* * *

Smile into your mirror. Examine your teeth. If they are yellowish or lack lustre, change to Listerine Tooth Paste for a few days. Then look at the reflection of your teeth in the glass again. The difference you will see there will be almost unbelievable.

Tobacco stains and all other discoloration will be gone. Your teeth will be whiter than you ever thought possible. They will look "alive" — sparkling with highlights.

Cannot scratch enamel

The new cleansing and polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paste cannot scratch or mar the softest tooth surface. Yet it's just hard enough to remove the tartar that clings to the teeth.

Try this modern dentifrice today. You will like the taste, and your teeth and gums will be greatly benefited. At the same time, you will be saving about $3 on tooth paste alone! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

See what you can buy for the $3 you save

Handkerchiefs	Underwear	Shoes
Hose	Bathrobe	Rubbers
Hat	Swimming Suit	Umbrella
Sweater	Raincoat	Suitcase
Gloves	Sneakers	Traveling Bag
Knickers	Moccasins	or a
Pyjamas	Slippers	Good Book

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

removes film faster

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THERE was a fight in Sears Harbor before the morning mist had lifted. Captain Belson, from the bridge of the freighter Cardigan, was roaring imprecations through the fog at the skipper of a yacht that had just sliced a strip of paint from his ship's hull. He didn't mince words, and it wasn't till later that he found out he had been talking to a woman.

By that time he had a duel on his hands—a commercial duel with Madelon Sears. The stakes were high, and both contestants meant business. There might have been no end to the struggle if it hadn't been for a wild storm at sea that drowned considerations of profit in the necessity for heroism. Albert Richard Wetjen introduces you to "Captain Belson's Mate."

LISTENING to the complaints and accusations that are being hurled with increasing frequency at Senator Huey Long by the people of his own state, you get the impression that he is somewhat less than universally popular with the folks back home. And yet the senator presents an unruffled front to the world. If there is any disarray at all in his personal appearance, it results from the vigor of his oratory and not from any visible uncertainty about the ground he stands on. Suspecting that there must be some good (or bad) reason for this anomaly, Collier's sent Walter Davenport to the harassed state of Louisiana to find out about it. Next week in an illuminating article he shows you "How Huey Long Gets Away with It."

JOHN BRIDGE had arranged his life with a good deal of care. Thirty-five, he had decided, was the age at which he would marry—the young woman would, of course, have to meet certain conservative specifications. In the meantime—eleven years, to be exact—he would continue his well-regulated bachelor existence in which everything had been foreseen and everything provided for. Everything, that is, except being wrecked on an island with a red-headed girl. Ruth Burr Sanborn describes the delightful ruin of his plans.

DUNCAN NORTON-TAYLOR'S short story is about a tall, bored blond girl who sailed for Europe, leaving her fiancé in a land where "Anything Might Happen." And did. Almost immediately.

GEORGE CREEL gives you an intimate picture of the members of President Roosevelt's "Kitchen Cabinet." Grover Jones, Don Marquis, Rupert Hughes, Sax Rohmer, Arthur Somers Roche and others make it a gala occasion. As usual.

This Week

June 10, 1933

Cover by Robert O. Reid

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It Comes Up Mud. **The lively romance of Miss Beulah Beauregard—who followed the races.** **Page 7**

ERNEST HAYCOX
To the Limit. **Love and friendship in the Western style—to wit, taken seriously.** **Page 10**

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We Can Build Our Way Out. **Declare war and banish hard times. The enemy is Squalor.** **Page 12**

SAX ROHMER
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The Roads Aren't Safe, **by Natalie Shipman.** **Page 26**

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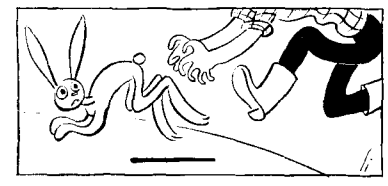
Keep Up with the World. **Short doses of knowledge—very palatable.** **Page 49**

EDITORIAL
Wise Planning. **Page 50**

Any Week

OF COURSE it is not news to us that large numbers of our fellow men profit materially and spiritually from reading us. But like the old boys who can't stay up late any more and go to parties, we like to talk about it anyway. So we take pleasure in announcing that Mr. George D. Barr of Nashville, Tennessee, says that he not only enjoyed reading Dr. Arthur F. Kraetzer's "What to Eat" but took the doctor at his word and gained three pounds in one week, to say nothing of "feeling like $1,000,000."

THE depression is over in the Lower Rio Grande Valley. Mr. R. L. Yearwood of Mercedes, Texas, reports that his friend, Mr. Peanuts Pender, saw "a jack rabbit crossing the road recently and only one man was chasing it."



A FEW words of wisdom from State Senator L. R. Carroll of Roundup, Montana. "We have store beer now," says the senator, "which will cause wide destitution among the people who have been selling it in their kitchens. I tried to put 'Buy Montana' in our beer bill but couldn't muster a majority. We had hard times in the nineties and came out of it in six or eight years after we had washed out the debts. When we are ready to start even again we will get along all right. Until this is done you can just keep on trying to lift yourself out of a hole by your bootstraps."

"AM I RIGHT about this," asks Miss Elizabeth Englehart of Detroit, Michigan, "or am I just a woman? My newspaper says that Europe is calling us welshers and repudiators because we won't pay gold on our promissory notes. And I seem to remember that Europe refused to pay what she owed us in anything. But maybe I shouldn't mix up in matters of this sort."

MR. FRED LOMAX of Savannah, Georgia, wants it understood that he is a shopkeeper for the redistribution of wealth. "Maybe it is true," says he, "that four per cent of the population owns or controls ninety per cent of the money. And maybe it would be good politics to distribute all that wealth evenly right down the line. But we would have to go through the same old shuffle all over again every six months, because it would take the bright boys just about that long to get the money all back again."

WE ARE not among those who expected prosperity to reappear within two or three days after Mr. Roosevelt took office. We incline toward the analysis of the situation made by Miss Florence G. Ludwig of Denver, Colorado, who finds that Mr. Roosevelt has been so busy "getting out of Congress the right to do something that he hasn't had time to do any of the things he has permission to do yet." It sounds a bit complicated but read it again.

AND in the circumstances we have more than a mere trifle of sympathy for such as Mr. Arthur L. Mershoff of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who suggests that we commission "a couple of good writers to go out and find out what all this is that has been going on in Washington since the fourth of March. For a while," sighs Mr. Mershoff, "I sort of kept in touch by reading the papers, but the papers seem to have lost track lately."

"WELL," writes Mr. Chauncey A. Bottum of Wilderness Lake, Iron River, Wisconsin, "thanks be that the hibernation season is over and spring is back and we can write off the cost of feeding at least one member of the family, Yvonne the cat. You see, the chipmunks are out again."

"AND I'll bet that Ogden L. Mills gets a couple of lines in President Roosevelt's prayers every night," writes Mr. J. B. Bloom of Salem, Oregon. "As long as Mr. Mills continues to make speeches against the Administration's fiscal policies and has the moral support of Messrs. Hoover and Mellon, Mr. Roosevelt can sleep well of nights."

THESE scientists can't tell Mr. Lewis Yeates of Portland, Maine, that this earth of ours is only two billion years old. Mr. Yeates hastens to inform us that it has been longer than that since 1929.

MISS ROBERTA CARDMAN of Louisville, Kentucky, wants a photograph of the editors of Collier's in conference. Miss Cardman believes that such a group picture would "be an inspiration and would give me and my friends a much more intimate touch with your great magazine." But, alas, there is no such photograph. There is no such photographer. In fact, there is no such camera.

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There's business for you out there

— *if you know where to find it*

THERE'S business to be had if you know where to find it. The important thing is to be in the right spot at the right time to get the order. When decisions are made, they are made quickly. A few hours may mean the difference between "yes" and "no." You just can't afford to be following a false lead in Burlington when there's a live prospect in Alliance.

To help locate live prospects is one of the chief functions of Long Distance telephone service. It has been the long right arm of salesmen and sales departments for many years. Its value is even more apparent in these days. Long Distance gets the O. K. of executives who are checking costs because it brings back dollars for every dollar spent.

Long Distance produces results because it multiplies your ability to be many places in a single day. Without moving from your desk or hotel room you can locate profitable prospects without useless chasing. You can talk personally, without long lobby waits, with the men who make decisions and place orders.

Here are just a few significant comments on the value and economy of Long Distance:

"We added the telephone to our sales force," says the President of the Champion Coated Paper Company, "and it became our star salesman." The Norge Corporation writes—"Long Distance is one of our most profitable business tools."

In one average month the Minneapolis division of the Skelly Oil Company made sales totaling $293,000 at a telephone cost of $1008 or less than ½ of 1%. The Kellogg Company, of Battle Creek, says: "The success of our merchandising plans requires an almost unlimited use of Long Distance."

Almost daily come reports of businesses, large and small, that are holding old customers and developing new markets by a planned use of Long Distance. It finds markets—puts you there quickly—and helps you close the order. Most important of all, it does it at low cost.

For more information on Long Distance telephone service, just call your local Telephone Business Office. There is no obligation.

TYPICAL STATION-TO-STATION RATES

From	*To*	*Daytime*	7:00 *P. M.*	8:30 *P. M.*
Indianapolis	Cleveland	$1.25	$1.10	$ .75
New Orleans	Atlanta	1.95	1.65	1.10
Boston	Chicago	3.25	2.65	1.75
Denver	San Francisco	3.75	3.00	2.00
Kansas City	New York	4.00	3.25	2.25

Where the charge is 50 cents or more, a federal tax applies as follows: $.50 to $.99, tax 10 cents . . . $1.00 to $1.99, tax 15 cents . . . $2.00 or more, tax 20 cents.

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IF COFFEE MAKES YOU

Jumpy as a cat...

•Don't miss the Sanka Coffee Show in the General Foods exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair!

DOES the caffein in coffee do things to your nerves? Then here's good news! You can enjoy the steaming cheer, the satisfying flavor—all that is finest in coffee—without fear of caffein's penalties.

Real coffee! All coffee! Delicious coffee!

Sanka Coffee makes this possible. It's real coffee—with 97% of the caffein removed. Taking out the caffein removes all fear of nervousness, indigestion, wakefulness. But it leaves in Sanka Coffee all of coffee's traditional goodness—even to that friendly, relaxing glow that only coffee seems to give. It's a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees. You make it as you've always made coffee. You revel in the same tempting fragrance—the same rich, full-bodied flavor.

For proof—make the night-test!

Yes! Sanka Coffee brings you all of coffee's old-time cheer—without caffein's harm. Convince yourself of this—make the night-test. Drink Sanka Coffee first at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious blend that you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

Packed in vacuum-sealed cans, Sanka Coffee comes to you as fresh and fragrant as the day it was roasted. Your grocer sells it—ground or in the bean—with the guarantee of absolute satisfaction or your money back. Join millions of others in exclaiming: "Ah, coffee—we're friends once more!" Get a pound today. Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.

Sanka Coffee has been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association with the statement: "Sanka Coffee . . . is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

Drink Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE ★ *DRINK IT • AND SLEEP!*

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Miss Beulah Beauregard meets up with him one morning when she is displaying her shape on the beach at the Roney Plaza

By Damon Runyon

The story of Paul D. Veere's ride—which may have had a lot to do with the winning of the Derby. Little Alfie will argue the proposition with anyone

It comes up Mud

PERSONALLY, I never criticize Miss Beulah Beauregard for breaking her engagement to Little Alfie, because from what she tells me she becomes engaged to him under false pretenses, and I do not approve of guys using false pretenses on dolls, except, of course, when nothing else will do.

It seems that Little Alfie promises to show Miss Beulah Beauregard the life of Riley following the races with him when he gets her to give up a first-class job displaying her shape to the customers in the 900 Club, although Miss Beulah Beauregard frankly admits that Little Alfie does not say what Riley, and afterwards Little Alfie states that he must be thinking of Four-eyes Riley when he makes the promise, and everybody knows that Four-eyes Riley is nothing but a bum, in spades.

Anyway, the life Little Alfie shows Miss Beulah Beauregard after they become engaged is by no means exciting, according to what she tells me, as Little Alfie is always going around the race tracks with one or two crocodiles that he calls race horses, trying to win a few bobs for himself, and generally Little Alfie is broke and struggling, and Miss Beulah Beauregard says this is no existence for a member of a proud old Southern family such as the Beauregards.

In fact, Miss Beulah Beauregard often tells me that she has half a mind to leave Little Alfie and return to her ancestral home in Georgia, only she can never think of any way of getting there without walking, and Miss Beulah Beauregard says it always makes her feet sore to walk very far, although the only time anybody ever hears of Miss Beulah Beauregard doing much walking is the time she is shell-roaded on the Pelham Parkway by some Yale guys when she gets cross with them.

It seems that when Little Alfie is first canvassing Miss Beulah Beauregard to be his fiancée he builds her up to expect diamonds and furs and limousines and one thing and another, but the only diamond she ever sees is in an engagement hoop that Little Alfie gives her as the old convincer when he happens to be in the money for a moment, and it is a very small diamond, at that, and needs a high north light when you look at it.

BUT Miss Beulah Beauregard treasures this diamond very highly just the same, and one reason she finally breaks off her engagement to Little Alfie is because he borrows the diamond one day during the Hialeah meeting at Miami without mentioning the matter to her, and hocks it for five bobs which he bets on an old caterpillar of his by the name of Governor Hicks to show.

Well, the chances are Miss Beulah Beauregard will not mind Little Alfie's borrowing the diamond so much if he does not take the twenty-five bobs he wins when Governor Hicks drops in there in the third hole and send it to Colonel Matt Winn in Louisville to enter a three-year-old of his by the name of Last Hope in the Kentucky Derby, this Last Hope being the only other horse Little Alfie owns at this time.

Such an action makes Miss Beulah Beauregard very indignant indeed, because she says a babe in arms will know Last Hope cannot walk a mile and a quarter, which is the Derby distance, let alone run so far, and that even if Last Hope can run a mile and a quarter, he cannot run it fast enough to get up a sweat.

In fact, Miss Beulah Beauregard and Little Alfie have words over this proposition, because Little Alfie is very high on Last Hope and will not stand for anybody insulting this particular horse, not even his fiancée, although he never seems to mind what anybody says about Governor Hicks, and, in fact, he often says it himself.

Personally, I do not understand what Little Alfie sees in Last Hope, because the horse never starts more than once or twice since it is born, and then has a tough time finishing last, but Little Alfie says the fifty G's that Colonel Winn gives to the winner of the Kentucky Derby is just the same as in the jug in his name, especially if it comes up mud on Derby Day, for Little Alfie claims that Last Hope is bred to just naturally eat mud.

Well, Miss Beulah Beauregard says there is no doubt Little Alfie blows his topper, and that there is no percentage in her remaining engaged to a crackpot, and many citizens put in with her on her statement because they consider entering Last Hope in the Derby very great foolishness, no matter if it comes up mud or what, and right away Tom Shaw offers 1,000 to 1 against the horse in the future book, and everybody says Tom is underlaying the price at that.

MISS BEULAH BEAUREGARD states that she is very discouraged by the way things turn out, and that she scarcely knows what to do, because she fears her shape changes so much in the four or five years she is engaged to Little Alfie that the customers at the 900 Club may not care to look at it any more, especially if they have to pay for this privilege, although personally I will pay any reasonable cover charge to look at Miss Beulah Beauregard's shape any time, if it is all I suspect. As far as I can see it is still a very nice shape indeed, if you care for shapes.

Miss Beulah Beauregard is at this time maybe twenty-five or twenty-six, and is built like a first baseman, being tall and rangy. She has hay-colored hair, and blue eyes, and lots of health, and a very good appetite. In fact, I once see Miss Beulah Beauregard put-

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ting on the fried chicken in the Seven Seas restaurant in a way that greatly astonishes me, because I never know before that members of proud old Southern families are such hearty eaters. Furthermore, Miss Beulah Beauregard has a very Southern accent, which makes her sound quite cute, except maybe when she is a little excited and is putting the zing on somebody, such as Little Alfie.

Well, Little Alfie says he regrets exceedingly that Miss Beulah Beauregard sees fit to break their engagement, and will not be with him when he cuts up the Derby dough, as he is planning a swell wedding for her at French Lick after the race, and even has a list all made out of the presents he is going to buy her, including another diamond, and now he has all this bother of writing out the list for nothing.

Furthermore, Little Alfie says he is so accustomed to having Miss Beulah Beauregard as his fiancée that he scarcely knows what to do without her, and he goes around with a very sad puss, and is generally quite low in his mind, because there is no doubt that Little Alfie loves Miss Beulah Beauregard more than somewhat.

But other citizens are around stating that the real reason Miss Beulah Beauregard breaks her engagement to Little Alfie is because a guy by the name of Mr. Paul D. Veere is making a powerful play for her, and she does not wish him to know that she has any truck with a character such as Little Alfie, for of course Little Alfie is by no means anything much to look at, and, furthermore, what with hanging out with his horses most of the time, he never smells like any rose geranium.

IT SEEMS that this Mr. Paul D. Veere is a New York banker, and he has a little mustache, and plenty of coconuts, and Miss Beulah Beauregard meets up with him one morning when she is displaying her shape on the beach at the Roney Plaza for nothing, and it also seems that there is enough of her shape left to interest Mr. Paul D. Veere no little.

In fact, the next thing anybody knows, Mr. Paul D. Veere is taking Miss Beulah Beauregard here and there, and around and about, although at this time Miss Beulah Beauregard is still engaged to Little Alfie, and the only reason Little Alfie does not notice Mr. Paul D. Veere at first is because he is busy training Last Hope to win the Kentucky Derby, and hustling around trying to get a few bobs together every day to stand off the overhead, including Miss Beulah Beauregard, because naturally Miss Beulah Beauregard cannot bear the idea of living in a fleabag, such as the place where Little Alfie resides, but has to have a nice room at the Roney Plaza.

Well, personally, I have nothing against bankers as a class, and in fact I never meet up with many bankers in my life, but somehow I do not care for Mr. Paul D. Veere's looks. He looks to me like a stony-hearted guy, although of course nobody ever sees any banker who does not look stony-hearted, because it seems that being bankers just naturally makes them look this way.

But Mr. Paul D. Veere is by no means an old guy, and the chances are he speaks of something else besides horses to Miss Beulah Beauregard, and furthermore he probably does not smell like horses all the time, so nobody can blame Miss Beulah Beauregard for going around and about with him, although many citizens claim she is a little out of line in accepting Mr. Paul D. Veere's play while she is still engaged to Little Alfie. In fact, there is great indignation in some circles about this, as many citizens feel that Miss Beulah Beauregard is setting a bad example to other fiancées.

But after Miss Beulah Beauregard formally announces that their engagement is off, it is agreed by one and all that she has a right to do as she pleases, and that Little Alfie himself gets out of line in what happens at Hialeah a few days later when he finally notices that Miss Beulah Beauregard seems to be with Mr. Paul D. Veere, and on very friendly terms with him, at that. In fact, Little Alfie comes upon Mr. Paul D. Veere in the act of kissing Miss Beulah Beauregard behind a hibiscus bush out near the paddock, and this scene is most revolting to Little Alfie as he never cares for hibiscus, anyway.

He forgets that Miss Beulah Beauregard is no longer his fiancée, and tries to take a punch at Mr. Paul D. Veere, but he is stopped by a number of detectives, who are greatly horrified at the idea of anybody taking a punch at a guy who has as many coconuts as Mr. Paul D. Veere, and while they are expostulating with Little Alfie, Miss Beulah Beauregard disappears from the scene and is observed no more in Miami. Furthermore, Mr. Paul D. Veere also disappears, but of course nobody minds this very much, and, in fact, his disappearance is a great relief to all citizens who have fiancées in Miami at this time.

But it seems that before he disappears Mr. Paul D. Veere calls on certain officials of the Jockey Club and weighs in the sacks on Little Alfie, stating that he is a most dangerous character to have loose around a race track, and naturally the officials are bound to listen to a guy who has as many coconuts as Mr. Paul D. Veere.

So a day or two later old Cap Duhaine, the head detective around the race track, sends for Little Alfie and asks him what he thinks will become of all the prominent citizens such as bankers if guys go around taking punches at them and scaring them half to death, and Little Alfie cannot think of any answer to this conundrum offhand, especially as Cap Duhaine then asks Little Alfie if it will be convenient for him to take his two horses elsewhere.

Well, Little Alfie can see that Cap Duhaine is hinting in a polite way that he is not wanted around Hialeah any more, and Little Alfie is a guy who can take a hint as well as the next guy, especially when Cap Duhaine tells him in confidence that the racing stewards do not seem able to get over the idea that some scalawag slips a firecracker into Governor Hicks the day old Governor Hicks runs third, because it seems from what Cap Duhaine says that the stewards consider it practically supernatural for Governor Hicks to run third anywhere, any time.

SO THERE Little Alfie is in Miami, as clean as a jaybird, with two horses on his hands, and no way to ship them to any place where horses are of any account, and it is quite a predicament indeed, and causes Little Alfie to ponder quite some. And the upshot of his pondering is that Little Alfie scrapes up a few bobs here and there, and a few oats, and climbs on Governor Hicks one day and boots him in the slats and tells him to giddyup, and away he goes out of Miami, headed north, riding Governor Hicks and leading Last Hope behind him on a rope.

Naturally, this is con-

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

When she sees him in this state, Miss Beulah Beauregard begins crying because, it seems, she hates to see anybody as sorrowed up as Mr. Paul D. Veere

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sidered a most unusual spectacle by one and all who witness it and, in fact, it is the first time anybody can remember a horse owner such as Little Alfie riding one of his own horses off in this way, and Gloomy Gus is offering to lay plenty of 5 to 1 that Governor Hicks never makes Palm Beach with Little Alfie up, as it is well known that the old Governor has bum legs and is half out of wind and is apt to pig it any time.

But it seems that Governor Hicks makes Palm Beach all right with Little Alfie up and going so easy that many citizens are around asking Gloomy for a price against Jacksonville. Furthermore, many citizens are now saying that Little Alfie is a pretty smart guy at that, to think of such an economical idea, and numerous other horse owners are looking their stock over to see if they have anything to ride up north themselves.

Many citizens are also saying that Little Alfie gets a great break when Miss Beulah Beauregard runs out on him, because it takes plenty of weight off him in the way of railroad fare and one thing and another; but it seems Little Alfie does not feel this way about the matter at all.

It seems that Little Alfie often thinks about Miss Beulah Beauregard as he goes jogging along to the north, and sometimes he talks to Governor Hicks and Last Hope about her, and especially to Last Hope, as Little Alfie always considers Governor Hicks somewhat dumb. Also Little Alfie sometimes sings sad love songs right out loud as he is riding along, although the first time he starts to sing he frightens Last Hope and causes him to break loose from the lead rope and run away, and Little Alfie is an hour catching him. But after this Last Hope gets so he does not mind Little Alfie's voice so much, except when Little Alfie tries to hit high C.

WELL, Little Alfie has a very nice ride, at that, because the weather is fine and the farmers along the road feed him and his horses, and he has nothing whatever to worry about except a few saddle galls, and about getting to Kentucky for the Derby in May, and here it is only late in February, and anyway Little Alfie does not figure to ride any farther than maybe Maryland where he is bound to make a scratch so he can ship from there.

Now, one day Little Alfie is riding along a road through a stretch of piney woods, a matter of maybe ninety-odd miles north of Jacksonville, which puts him in the State of Georgia, when he passes a half-plowed field on one side of the road near a ramshackly old house and beholds a most unusual scene:

A large white mule hitched to a plow is sitting down in the field and a tall doll in a sunbonnet and a gingham dress is standing beside the mule crying very heartily.

Naturally, the spectacle of a doll in distress, or even a doll who is not in distress, is bound to attract Little Alfie's attention, so he tells Governor Hicks and Last Hope to whoa, and then he asks the doll what is eating her, and the doll looks up at him out of her sunbonnet, and who is this doll but Miss Beulah Beauregard!

Of course Little Alfie is somewhat surprised to see Miss Beulah Beauregard crying over a mule, and especially in a sunbonnet, so he climbs down off of Governor Hicks to inquire into this situation, and right away Miss Beulah Beauregard rushes up to Little Alfie and chucks herself into his arms and speaks as follows:

"OH, ALFIE," Miss Beulah Beauregard says, "I am so glad you find me. I am thinking of you day and night, and wondering if you forgive me. Oh, Alfie, I love you," she says. "I am very sorry I go away with Mr. Paul D. Veere. He is nothing but a great rapscallion," she says. "He promises to make me his ever-loving wife when he gets me to accompany him from Miami to his shooting lodge on the Altamaha River, twenty-five miles from here, although," she says, "I never know before he has such a lodge in these parts.

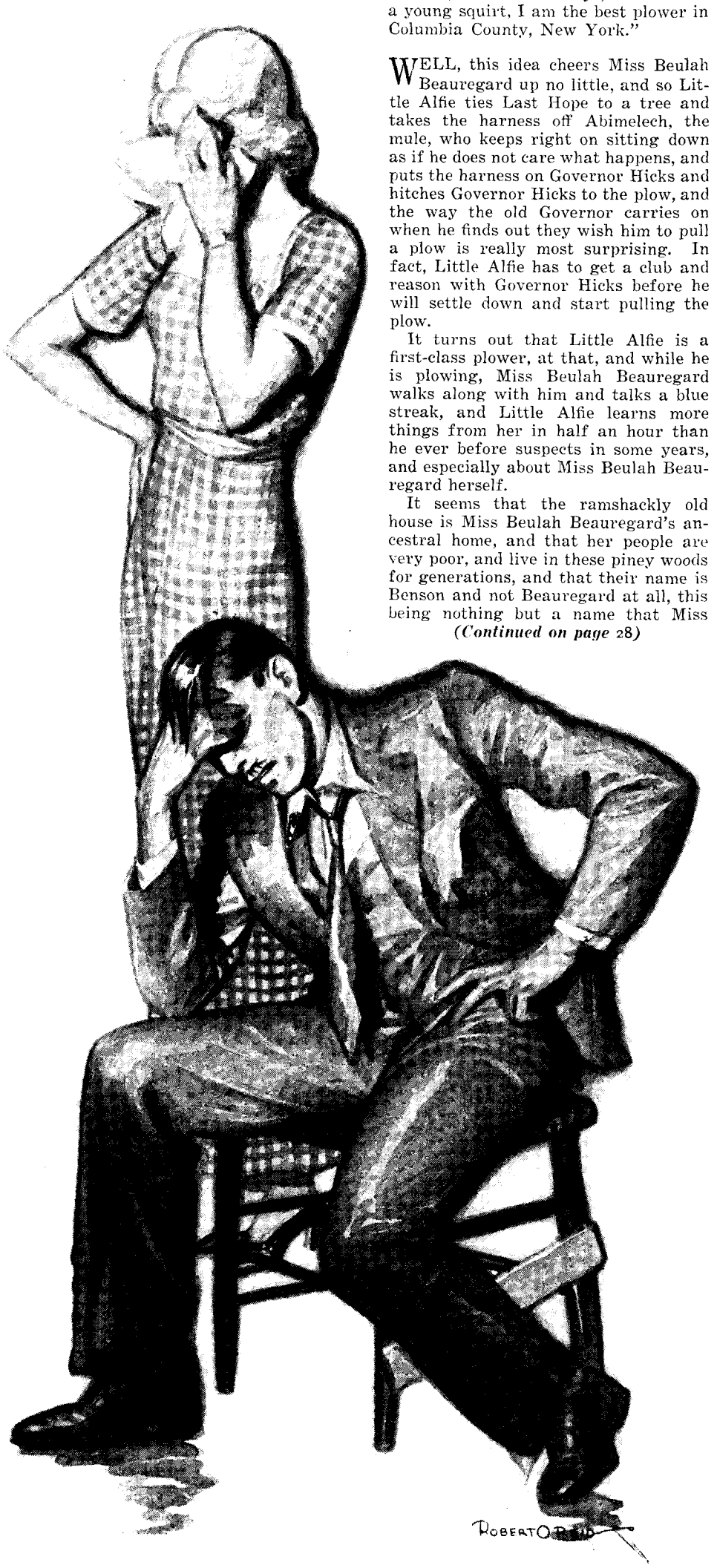
"And," Miss Beulah Beauregard says, "the very first day I have to pop him with a pot of cold cream and render him half unconscious to escape his advances. Oh, Alfie," she says, "Mr. Paul D. Veere's intentions towards me are by no means honorable. Furthermore," she says, "I learn he already has an ever-loving wife and three children in New York."

Well, of course Little Alfie is slightly perplexed by this matter and can scarcely think of anything much to say, but finally he says to Miss Beulah Beauregard like this:

"Well," he says, "but what about the mule?"

"Oh," Miss Beulah Beauregard says, "his name is Abimelech, and I am plowing with him when he hauls off and sits down and refuses to budge. He is the only mule we own," she says, "and he is old and ornery, and nobody can do anything whatever with him when he wishes to sit down. But," she says, "my papa will be very angry because he expects me to get this field all plowed up by supper-time. In fact," Miss Beulah Beauregard says, "I am afraid my papa will be so angry he will give me a whopping, because he by no means forgives me as yet for coming home, and this is why I am shedding tears when you come along."

Then Miss Beulah Beauregard begins crying again as if her heart will break, and if there is one thing Little Alfie hates and despises it is to see a doll crying, and especially Miss Beulah Beauregard, for Miss Beulah Beauregard can cry in a way to wake the dead when she is going good, so Little Alfie holds her so close to his chest he ruins four cigars in his vest pocket, and speaks to her as follows:



"Tut, tut," Little Alfie says. "Tut, tut, tut, tut, tut," he says. "Dry your eyes and we will just hitch old Governor Hicks here to the plow and get this field plowed quicker than you can say scat, because," Little Alfie says, "when I am a young squirt, I am the best plower in Columbia County, New York."

WELL, this idea cheers Miss Beulah Beauregard up no little, and so Little Alfie ties Last Hope to a tree and takes the harness off Abimelech, the mule, who keeps right on sitting down as if he does not care what happens, and puts the harness on Governor Hicks and hitches Governor Hicks to the plow, and the way the old Governor carries on when he finds out they wish him to pull a plow is really most surprising. In fact, Little Alfie has to get a club and reason with Governor Hicks before he will settle down and start pulling the plow.

It turns out that Little Alfie is a first-class plower, at that, and while he is plowing, Miss Beulah Beauregard walks along with him and talks a blue streak, and Little Alfie learns more things from her in half an hour than he ever before suspects in some years, and especially about Miss Beulah Beauregard herself.

It seems that the ramshackly old house is Miss Beulah Beauregard's ancestral home, and that her people are very poor, and live in these piney woods for generations, and that their name is Benson and not Beauregard at all, this being nothing but a name that Miss

(Continued on page 28)

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To the Limit

Wherein four lovers show their mettle, in a land where sheriffs need their guns

By Ernest Haycox

THIS, Hugh Remington reflected, always happened to Elkhorn of a summer when Julia Latimer came home from school and brought her Eastern friends along. The business side of a great cattle ranch simply faded, the atmosphere turned frivolous. Chinese lanterns twinkled through the cottonwoods as far as the creek, and along this trail they returned, whipped alive by the water, the women making palely beautiful silhouettes against a silver-threaded darkness. Julia, a sleek and vivid shape in her swimming suit, stopped by him on the porch steps, impishly, her cool eyes disturbed by inner laughter. She let water trickle down her arm to his black head. "To cool the brain that thinks far too many long thoughts, Hughie," she said and ran on into the house with the others. All the rooms suddenly reverberated their amused, staccato talk.

Governor Bill Latimer rolled his pure white poll against a porch rocker. "Egypt's children are with us for the third summer. I kind of look forward to it."

Hugh passed a match across his pipe's bowl. The Indian-bronzed features were falsely passive. His head dropped and his big hands slowly folded together. "Don't set your heart on many more summers of it, Bill. One day she'll marry east—and stay there."

"No," said Governor Bill. "She loves this place."

Hugh said, faintly irritated: "You didn't send her east to learn to run a ranch. You sent her there to go on up in the world. You wanted her to mix with fine people and you've got your wish."

They were soon back from dressing, the women in beach dresses and pajamas and flimsy shoes laced around bare ankles. They eddied along the steps and sank down, gracefully sprawling. Julia settled beside Hugh, sighing out a weary breath as she let her body go lax against him; it was, he thought glumly, a gesture as selfless as breathing. Julia's still damp, red hair exploded a rich shadowing down on a still face, beneath which a great deal of Governor Bill's steady featuring lay to accent the curved lips and the cool line of darkly hazel eyes. "Hugh," she murmured, "I've been a lady all winter and it's time to go off the reservation."

A BLOND girl with an expression as fluid as light slanted one lazy look at Hugh. "This is that Hugh Remington, Julia? That fabled centaur of the Western plains whose deeds you've endlessly chronicled?"

"Here he is, Elkhorn's foreman, who grew through childhood with me."

There were fourteen of them massed indolently on the steps below him, turned his way. More and more interested, he reflected that they were like all the others Julia brought out, superbly mannered people who had a knack of capturing the savor of living.

The blonde was Madelon Gray, on her way to Hollywood to make a picture. He identified also, from Julia's written description, a negligently handsome youth named Cabot Van Nuys crouched at the foot of the steps. It was a cohesive, self-understanding group, except for the one girl who sat deliberately apart in the deeper shadows of the porch. Looking back there, Hugh saw in Ellen Lent's isolation a kind of loneliness. She had no connection with the Easterners, being Governor Bill's niece and a member of the ranch household, and no interest in their talk. The dimmed oval of her face, pointed and fresh, held a remote memory of trouble. It was as if she listened to something in the yonder night. Hugh turned again and found Madelon Gray frankly scanning him.

"Julia says you are very wise. Do you know what kind of people we are?"

Julia's laugh floated bell-like through the warm dusk. "He should. He's had three summers of this, and some of my girl friends have been rather ardent with him."

CABOT VAN NUYS rose and settled nearer, studying Hugh. "I can understand that."

Madelon accused Julia: "You're playing us against him for our nuisance value."

"It wouldn't work. I'm just the owner's daughter that grew up and went away, and only returns by summer."

"Wait," said Van Nuys, grinning. "Would it be the moonlight?"

Madelon's acute inspection raked Hugh. "Partly. But there's more. It's indifference, and that's a challenge to predatory womanhood."

"Go on," said Van Nuys. "You're not through."

"Look at him," urged the girl. Her chin lifted toward the light, her mouth was a smiling curve, but above it her eyes were sharp and alive. "Behind indifference lies danger. If I let myself go with him here on the ranch I'd not be very sure what he'd do out on some lonely trail."

The group howled. Even Hugh chuckled. Madelon Gray bent forward. "Supposing I was ardent, too, and wrote you after I'd gone. Would you answer?"

Julia's fingers pressed his arm: "Steady, Cowboy. You're being dissected again by the annual class in psychology." Their talk was light and fragmentary, like the play of electricity. It presupposed a background you had to know all about. It touched nothing definitely. Yet suddenly it hit with a shock and then you understood that these people were full-blooded and alive.

"No."

"Why?" asked Madelon Gray.

Hugh lighted a match, held it on his pipe bowl. All of them were erect, waiting for what was to come. They were very keen. "If I answered the letter," he said, "the illusion would be broken. If I didn't answer, you'd let the affair fade into a pleasant memory, which is really what you want. It's the moonlight, after all. It's sentiment, which passes."

Madelon betrayed a greater intensity. "What about those who write the second time, Hugh?"

Julia spoke quickly: "Some of this man's affairs are private."

"Oh-oh," said Cabot Van Nuys. "We've stumbled into something."

Julia's answer was unmoved: "Didn't I tell you I was just the owner's daughter to Mr. Remington?" She paused, and that pause accented the rest of her remark. "I am supposed to have become a lady, something fragile and very superior. I am supposed to have risen above ranch dust and ranch people. Westerners like to lay burnt sacrifices on the altar of education. It would shock Hugh's sense of fitness if I put on my old overalls and went to the branding pens."

Hugh said gently: "Sentiment. Old times seem best. But that's a memory. You couldn't go back to overalls. You just think you could."

Julia's face turned; her breathed answer was audible only to him. "You blamed fool!" An engine thrummed the night, headlights stabbed the yard and a white auto rolled abreast of the porch, two men in the front seat. The driver climbed slowly out. He said: "Hello, Hugh. Hello, Julia—I'm sure glad to see you back." He bowed a burly head at the crowd and then rapidly buttoned his coat to cover the gunbelt he wore. "Governor Bill," he drawled, "I'm real sorry to trouble you."

HUGH removed his pipe, staring closely at this man. It was a familiar phrase and it always meant trouble. Governor Bill's voice held a beautiful suavity: "Turk McCredie, folks. One of these Western sheriffs you may have read about."

"I wouldn't go battin' around your range without lettin' you know," said McCredie. "Be a few boys here and there the next few days."

"What is it?" asked Governor Bill in the same equable manner.

The sheriff got back in the car. "The fact is—" he began, and then halted. His stolid face lifted and located Ellen Lent in the rear shadows. He showed embarrassment plainly then. "Well, I guess Nick Rathjen got tired of Mexico. He was sighted yesterday on Murder Creek." His eyes fell back to Hugh, and lingered significantly. "Just wanted to tell you." He pulled the car around and fed it sudden power. After its passage silence thickened and Hugh gripped his pipe and watched Ellen Lent from the corner of his eyes. Her face had roused from its long indifference and was thin with fear and with hope—and was half wild, half beautiful. She rose instantly and vanished and Governor Bill stood up, nodded imperceptibly toward Hugh, and followed.

"Outlaw?" muttered Van Nuys.

"Nothing much," said Hugh, going after Governor Bill.

Van Nuys let his puzzled eyes go to Julia. "You Westerners revert to type. What is it?"

"Nothing," said Julia, eyes going after Hugh.

GOVERNOR BILL swayed in his office chair. "Trust Julia to pick a good crowd. The sap runs pretty strong in those people."

Hugh waited for Governor Bill to come to the subject.

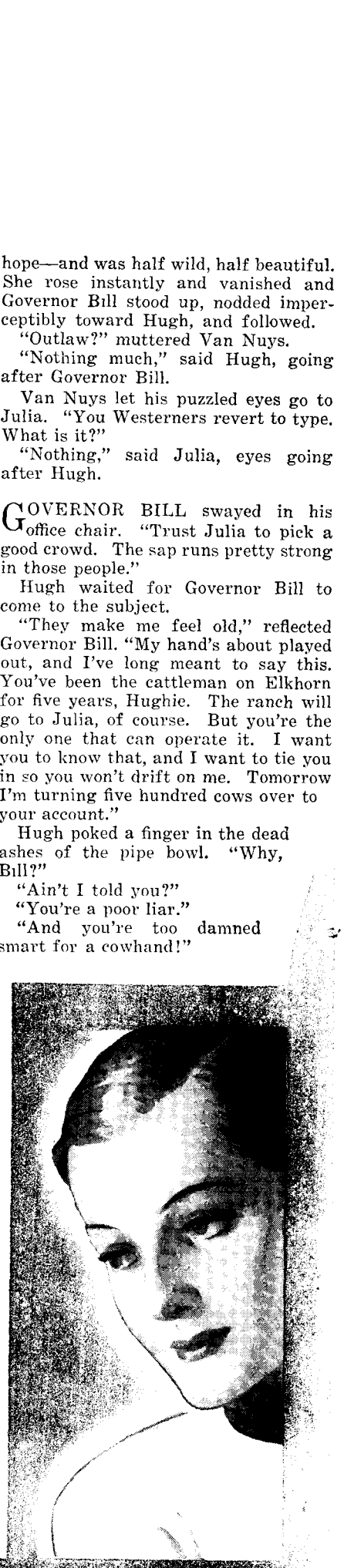
"They make me feel old," reflected Governor Bill. "My hand's about played out, and I've long meant to say this. You've been the cattleman on Elkhorn for five years, Hughie. The ranch will go to Julia, of course. But you're the only one that can operate it. I want you to know that, and I want to tie you in so you won't drift on me. Tomorrow I'm turning five hundred cows over to your account."

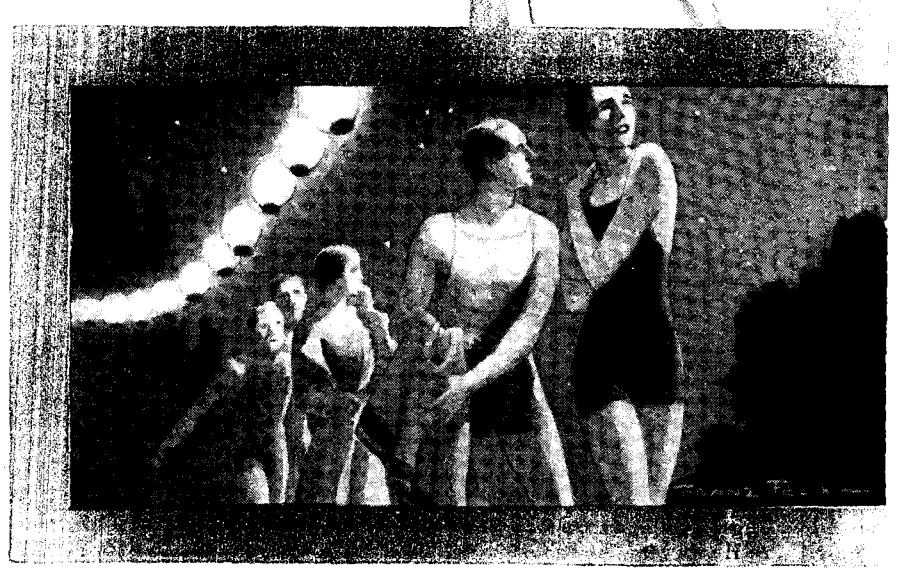
Hugh poked a finger in the dead ashes of the pipe bowl. "Why, Bill?"

"Ain't I told you?"

"You're a poor liar."

"And you're too damned smart for a cowhand!"





The Easterners began to run up from the pool, white bodies ghostly in the luminous dark

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He pushed McCredie gently toward a near tree and, five minutes later, had him lashed against it. "It's a dirty trick, Turk," he apologized

"You're a great fighter," the sheriff mused, "but don't do what you think you're going to do"

Illustrated by Franz Felix

Hugh turned in the doorway, a broad and big-boned shape framed there. Sudden gloom hardened the bold contours of his face; a ragged, hungry restlessness streaked along the blue eye surfaces. "You're tryin' to make a well-to-do man out of me, Bill. You're thinkin' maybe property's what keeps Julia and me apart."

"It would be like you. You're shot with pride."

"Julia's grown up and she's found her sort of people. She thinks she could change back to a young girl riding the sagebrush. But she couldn't."

He crossed the living-room. Julia's voice peremptorily arrested him and he wheeled and found her coming in from the porch, solemn-eyed. "McCredie knows you'll take any chance for your friends. And Nick was your friend."

"You ought to be long past sagebrush politics."

"Don't be dumb!"

HE SLIPPED from the house and strode rapidly toward the touring car slued under the thick gloom of the poplars. A lithe shape emerged from darkness and seized his arms. "Hugh," said Ellen Lent, "do you know where to find him?"

Her body shook, her voice was strained and out of key. More and more depressed, he steadied her shoulders with his big palms.

"Don't open that misery again. There ain't anything in it for you, Ellen."

"He came back, Hugh! Tell him I've got to see him! Tell him to be careful!"

He pushed her away and got in the car and sat glumly there a moment. "He made a mess out of his life. Don't let him mess up yours."

"You don't understand!"

"No," he said, and started the engine. "No, I guess I don't." He went through the cottonwoods and careened into the road that climbed the hills, traveling without lights. And, watching the dim turns loom up, he thought irritably of his own tangled affairs as well as of Ellen's. It wasn't money. It was something that came of watching Julia grow out of girlhood into a poised and sure woman. He was what he had been in the beginning; she had gone on, and one day she would marry some Easterner of that set she properly belonged to, three thousand miles away from an isolated ranch in Wyoming. You went up in the world and you went out into it. Maybe it hurt for a while, but the hurt didn't last. It had to be so, yet here was Julia and here was Ellen, crying for old days forever gone. Women were like that, clinging to memories.

At the summit meadow he swung into a trail whose ruts ran wanly north under the moon's silver glow. Three miles of that brought him to a butte's barricading face. He got out, listening, into a night softly pulsing with small voices. Wind rustled the pine tops; a creek made a thin clatter across shale rock somewhere near. Going on into the timber, he stopped again and said, quite conversationally:

"Hello, Nick."

A body slid forward, a voice spoke with heartfelt relief: "Kid, I knew you'd guess the hide-out when you heard I was back."

Hugh seized a strong hand and shook it. "Good boy. Let's get a look at you after two years."

The shape stirred. A match burst vividly, laid a glow against a lean, disturbed countenance. Hugh's palm closed around the flame and killed it. "No change," he said, relieved. "I was afraid all this dodgin' had left a trace on you."

"Matter of conscience, kid. Mine's clear."

"I know. But self-defense is no good in a country where the dead man's relatives can control any jury you'd face. Why did you risk comin' back?"

"Don't you know?"

"Yes," grumbled Hugh. "She wondered why you didn't write after you got away."

"They'd watch for letters. Listen: I don't know if she wants to see me. But it's rode me ever since—and I've got to know. One way or another."

"Ellen was your girl then. She's your girl now. But give it a thought. What's the life of an outlaw's wife like? Go back and let her alone."

"I've got a nice ranch across the Border. I waited till I had that built up before I came back. I'm no outlaw there. It's her decision."

"No, it's yours. A woman looks back to what was. A man's got to look ahead to what will be." But after a little silence, Hugh added, sadly, "All right. Stay here till you hear from me."

"Hughie, you're the one solid thing in a damned dizzy world."

"Yeah. A milepost people look at as they pass by."

ALL the moods of the West are violet. By summer's night mystery creeps in the pooled shadows and mystery rides the pale starlight; by summer's day the tawny plains are a-quiver with heat waves and the prairie runs its sultry, sweltering miles into melted horizons. The poplars around Elkhorn supplied a lone oasis of shade; beyond the quiet vistas made by these trees the rest of the world seemed to be burning. Returning from Skull Springs at ten o'clock, Hugh found the Easterners collapsed on the veranda. Julia Latimer came off the steps, a slim and swaggering figure, to intercept him beyond ear's reach. Deep in her hazel eyes excitement lived.

"Ellen went up to meet him before daylight. She's in the house now."

"I told her to wait until tonight. McCredie's watching."

(Continued on page 43)

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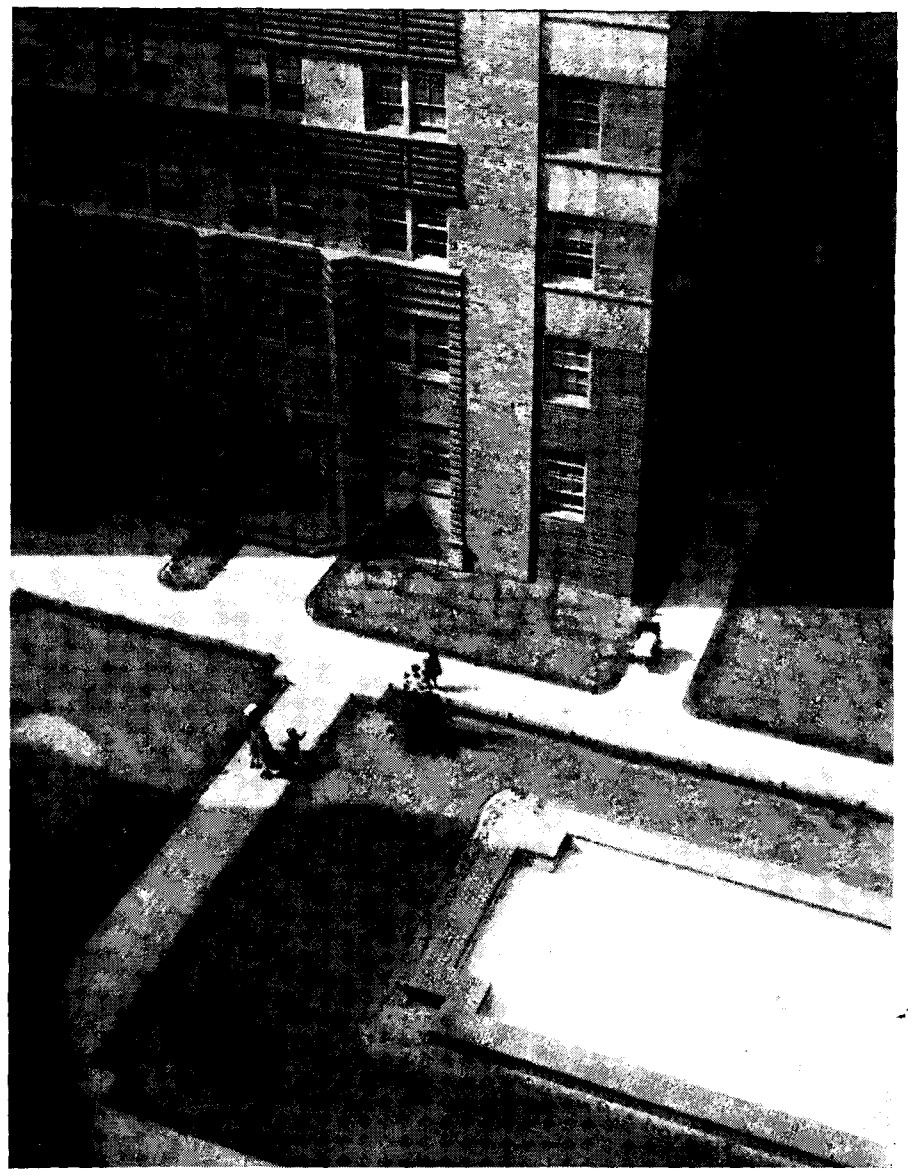
We can Build our way Out

Seventy per cent of Americans have neither built homes nor had homes built for them. They live in hand-me-down quarters devoid of comforts. And they are charged enough rent to pay for decent accommodations—if there were any.

In view of this fact the statement that our country is overbuilt is ridiculous. Except in the upper brackets, building has been shamefully inadequate. Here Mr. Flynn shows how, by remedying this situation, we can put new life-blood into the business circulation of the country.

By John T. Flynn

These tenements, under the Brooklyn Bridge, are typical of New York's old housing units



Overcrowding has been avoided by wise planning to include parks and playgrounds as a part of this new housing development on Grand Street, New York City

THE way to get back to prosperity is to start another war. All we have to do is to select our enemy and begin.

The reason is plain. Wars always produce prosperity while they last. When we go to war everybody goes to work. Several millions go into the Army and the rest go to work making things for the Army to throw at the enemy. All this takes money. So we use up all our spare income. Then we proceed to borrow income from the next twenty or thirty years of the future. Then we spend that. But unfortunately we spend it on things that lose their value as soon as the war is over. So the prosperity lasts only as long as the war lasts and then collapses.

On the last war we spent over twenty-five billion dollars, almost all of it borrowed money. We spent most of it making guns and sub-chasers and powder and poison gas and Army uniforms and things like that. When the war was over all we had left was the debts.

I now propose that we climb out of this hole by declaring another war. And I have one of the best enemies in the world all picked out. It won't fight back, yet it will take so long to lick that we can keep the war going for years and thus have a better chance to stay prosperous.

The enemy I have singled out is one of the greatest of human enemies. And what is more, we are in a better position to start this war—more nearly ready—than any other you can possibly think of. I propose that we declare war on SQUALOR.

Now, I know this may sound a little disappointing. But it is actually the most practical thing in this world. It will mean not a war of *destruction* but a war of *construction*. Instead of digging trenches we'll dig cellars. Instead of making depth bombs we'll make bathtubs. Instead of erecting barbed-wire entanglements, we'll put up millions of miles of electric wiring. Instead of building ships and tanks and guns and dugouts we'll build homes. And when the war is over we'll have everything that we built.

We'll have to go into debt to do it, but that's the very thing that will end the depression. And when the war is over we will have something for our war. We'll owe money, but it will not be on spiked cannon, ammunition dumps, worthless ships, discarded uniforms and dead soldiers. It will be on useful homes.

In other words, I propose that we build houses and end the slump.

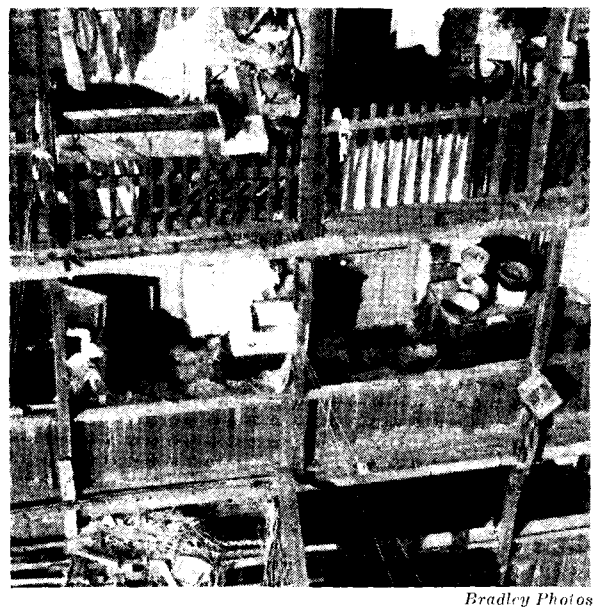
A War That Will Be Profitable

"Great heavens!" the landlord cries at this point. "Haven't we got enough houses—too many houses? Hundreds of thousands of them vacant—miles and miles of houses built in 1928 and 1929 and 1930 still standing unsold. And here is a fellow who proposes to build more!"

Of course we have plenty of houses—the kind we don't need so badly. But we have practically none of the kind we need so desperately. We have countless neighborhoods of houses for that thirty per cent of the population which can live in a five-thousand-dollar house; but almost no houses for that seventy per cent of the population which can't. We have no houses for that vast army of working people who must get along on $2,000 a year and less. We haven't got them for the simple reason that no one ever builds any houses for them.

And if you ask where these low-income workers live, the answer is that they live in the cast-off houses of other men—the old, dilapidated, crumbling hulks of homes which have practically ended their days and are now not so much human habitations as breeding places of unhappiness, crime, trouble, immorality, disease and death.

The building industry for decades



Bradley Photos

A tenement on Allen Street, New York. The only improvements are hot water and electricity

now has completely ignored this seventy per cent of the population. It looks for its market only in that upper thirty per cent. If the bread and clothing and grocery businesses did that they would all be utterly bankrupt. Instead of selling brick and plaster and cement and plumbing and such gear to these seventy per cent of the families, they exhaust their energies on their luckier brothers. And when too many houses for that upper percentage are produced the industry knocks off and says the country is overbuilt.

All Ready to Start

Overbuilt! When at least one third of the population is living in houses that ought to be demolished!

Here is one of the greatest chances in history for a great nation, sorely pressed, to lift itself out of its depression by performing one of the greatest acts of human regeneration and making a profit out of it—by declaring war on squalor—on decaying homes and slums. We can get rid of the slums and the slump at one grand stroke.

And if you think this is a kind of illusory dream, a far-fetched fancy, you are very much mistaken. As a matter of fact, the machinery for this ambitious drive is already to start. In cities all over the land serious, businesslike groups are actually moving to set things in motion. The plans are ready. Some states have actually cleared the decks by passing the necessary laws. I saw the home-building boom that helped to lift us out of the 1921 depression started in New York almost overnight. This thing could be launched again in the shortest possible time if the governments—Federal and state—would take energetic steps to finance it and foster it (and a beginning has in fact been made). If it were started it would send a thrill of returning energy through every nerve and vessel and muscle of our industrial body.

If you want a real barometer of busi-

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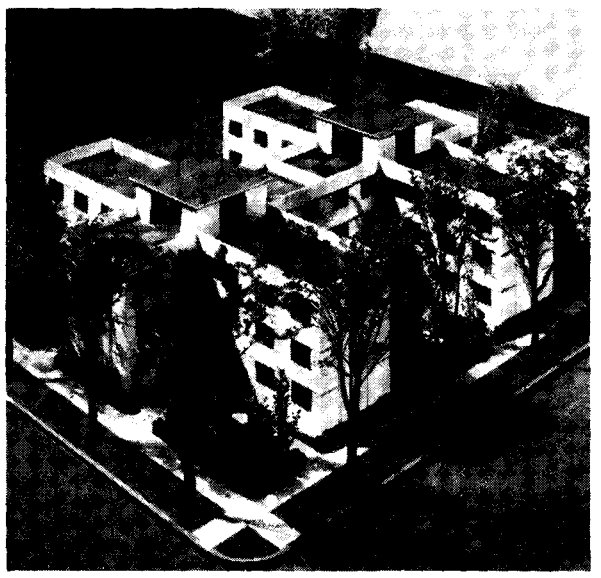
ness don't look at the stock market, but at the building construction market. The business cycle rides up and down on the building curve. Business in this country rose from 1922 to 1928. In 1922 we put up buildings worth approximately three and a half billion dollars. From then on we kept on building houses, skyscrapers, theaters, hotels, factories, increasing the bill as much as a billion dollars in one year. By 1928 our annual building expenditure was over six and a half billion dollars. That was the peak. From that point it began to taper off. If we had been smarter people we would have known that our balloon was beginning to leak. It had fallen off more than a billion dollars a year. Last year it was only two billion dollars—the smallest in over a decade.

Now if we can coax that line on the chart which represents building to halt in its downward dip, to wriggle with a little life, to curl up a bit and then start rising, you will know that the depression is coming to an end. The amazing thing about this is that *it can be done* and—for three years we have sat by and have not moved a finger to do it.

The most thoughtless statement is that there is no need for housing now. You can see in any city you visit those once prosperous neighborhoods which have fallen into disarray and into which working people whose incomes are small are herded to live—three, four, five and more families to a house. These are called "blighted districts." Cincinnati has hers. The city recently made a study of one thousand flats in the old Basin district. It found almost half of the people living in two rooms or less and paying from five to nearly eight dollars a month a room in rent.

Let me remind you of these hackneyed jokes about the American bathtub. Only one third of these houses have gas, only a fourth of them electricity and only one house out of twenty has a bathtub. But we must not speak of such extravagant luxuries as gas and electricity and bathtubs. Only one third of these houses even have water on the inside, and two thirds of them have no water at all. And for these "houses" tenants paid an average rent of $12.75 for a two-room flat and $19 for a three-room flat. Bathtubs! Heaven help us, these houses haven't even got bathtubs for the dishes—sinks.



A common sink in the hall is the usual "convenience."

But do not think I single out Cincinnati because it differs from other cities. I do so because it happens that Ohio is one of the progressive states that are keenly aware of this disease and are launching a movement to deal with it. It is the same in Cleveland, where her famous three blighted districts are the subject of a magnificent plan for reclamation.

The Citadels of Squalor

Have you ever wandered about Philadelphia? I would like to take you for a visit to her blighted neighborhoods—down, for instance, to the area between Poplar Street and Washington Avenue and from Broad Street to the river—the old Beth Eden District, they call it. I suppose we can't expect every American family to have an automobile or even a radio or phonograph. But certainly they are entitled to that simple modern invention—the faucet. And no one can say that air and sunshine are too expensive for the $2,000-a-year man.

But there you will see that a third of the dwellings do not even front on the street. Now we are familiar with the bread line—men in a queue waiting for their bread and coffee. But down in the Beth Eden District they know the water line—women and children waiting for their turn at the spigot. In one group of houses with 117 families there are but 35 outside hydrants. Some of these old hulks of houses are 150 years old and are still carrying mortgages and, doubtless, bring rents better than when they were built.

In New York City there is a precious type of home known as the "dumb-bell" flat. The name refers to its shape. It is not used in the current slang sense of that term, but it might well be. These dumb-bell flats are so far from modern living standards that they not only have no bathrooms, but neither light, heat nor air, some rather primitive comforts.

They are built on lots 25 feet wide by 100 feet deep, and they cover all of the lot except ten feet at the rear. There are four apartments on a floor—two of four rooms each in front and two of three rooms each in the rear. This makes fourteen rooms and only four of them open on the street or the back yard. The other ten get along without light or air save from a little twenty-eight-inch air-chimney. There is one toilet to two families.

The buildings are five and six stories high, huddled together without an inch between. They represent the perfect striving of greed of the last generation to squeeze the last drop of revenue out of a city lot. These flats have been outlawed in New York for thirty years. But there are still 500,000 families living in these battered, crumbling, dark, suffocating, ill-favored nests and paying good rent for them—enough to pay for decent housing in most cases.

These places are not inhabited by paupers. They are inhabited by perfectly good, hard-working, industrious people who pay from five to ten dollars a room in rent. And they live in these holes, not because they have not the money to pay for better homes, but because no one builds better homes for the people in this class.

A Nation-Wide Need

None of these buildings is less than thirty-two years old. Many of them are fifty years old. There are others even worse which are seventy and one hundred years old—one-family houses made into tenements under the old laws and still serving as breeding places of disease and as homes of men.

I need not add that the blight roosts in many a Chicago district. But it is more important to explain that even the small towns everywhere have the same problem. In one small Ohio town, for instance, supposed to be quite prosperous, a survey revealed that forty per cent of the houses of the working people didn't have plumbing of any kind.

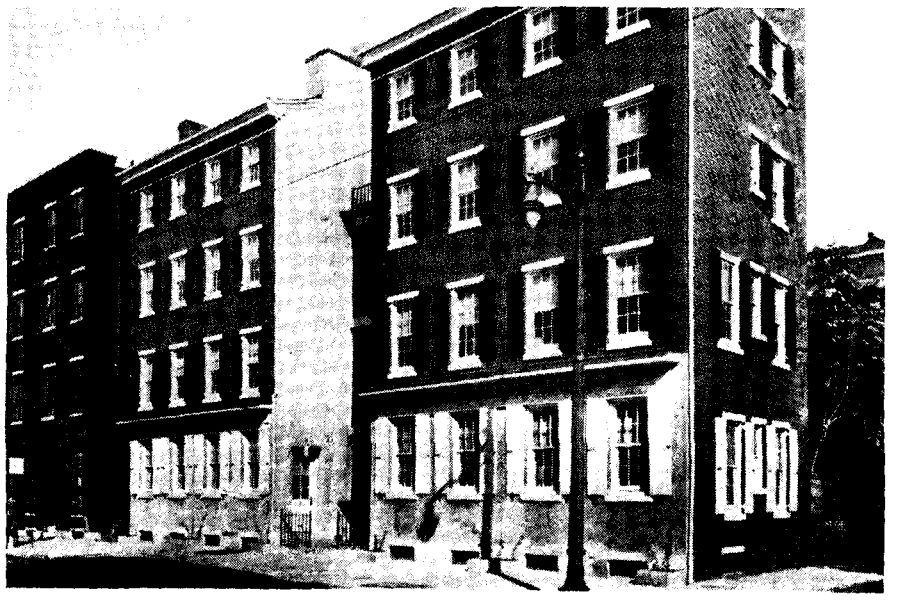
So while all this is true, let us not talk about America being overbuilt. America is not merely not overbuilt—it is not built at all—half the population existing in the dilapidated survivals of the last three or four generations.

The reasons why homes have not been built for the lower-income working people are several. In the large cities, of course, the working population lives in tenement houses. And for many years the building of tenement houses has been extremely expensive. This has been due to the great rise in building labor costs. Wages have risen in the building industry faster than in any other. But while wages rose in other industries, labor costs actually declined.

This was due to the introduction of machine methods which enabled one man to turn out a great deal more work. It was possible, therefore, to pay him higher wages and at the same time keep labor costs down. But in the building industry, while wages rose, modern machine methods of production were

(Continued on page 37)

Acme Photos



On the upper left is an architect's model of one of the units in the proposed housing development in Cleveland. These homes are intended to replace the shabby, closely spaced houses of the type shown above

Left: In the center is a group of workers' homes on Fourth Street, Philadelphia, before remodeling. The lower picture shows this same unit after it has been modernized by simple alterations

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Fu Manchu's Bride

By Sax Rohmer

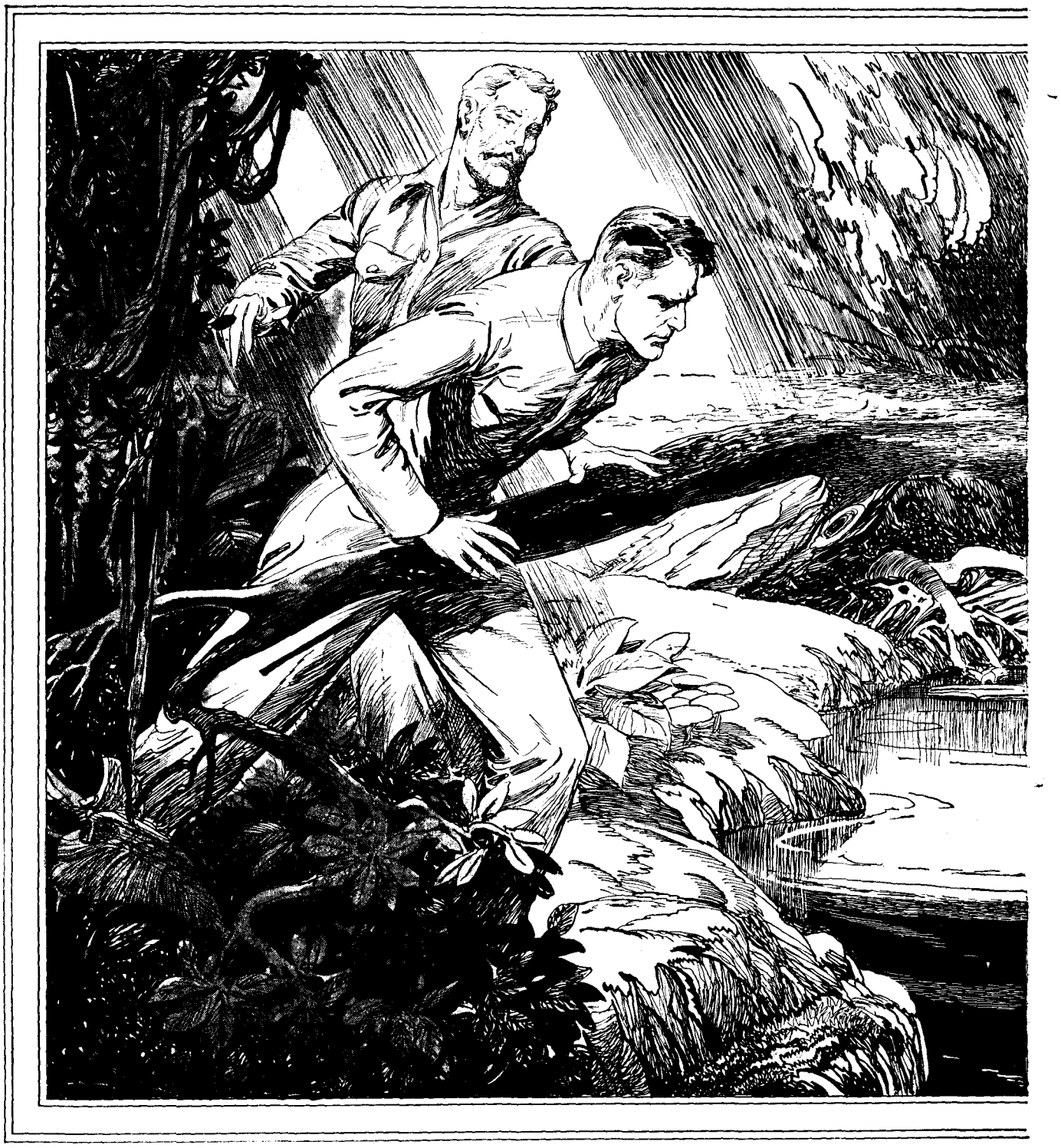
The Story Thus Far:

A MYSTERIOUS plague attacks southern France. Working feverishly, Dr. Petrie, noted English scientist, evolves an antidote, "654": then, himself stricken, dies, his supply of the remedy being exhausted. . . . Searching frantically for the formula of "654," Petrie's friends—Sir Denis Nayland Smith, ex-Scotland Yard operative, and young Alan Sterling—fail to find it. Then they learn the shocking truth: Someone else is striving to find the formula, *to destroy it!* And that "someone" is none other than the most dangerous criminal the *world has ever known—the sinister Dr. Fu* Manchu! . . .

Surrounded by dacoits (hideous Burmese killers, in Fu Manchu's employ), Sir Denis and Sterling have a series of stirring adventures. . . . At a restaurant, Sterling sees a beautiful girl—"Fleurette"—whom, meeting once by chance, he has never forgotten. With a glance she warns him not to speak to her. He leaves the restaurant, is attacked by a dacoit. Coming to, he finds himself confronted by—*Fu Manchu!*

"Sterling," says his captor, "you are now in China—in one of my laboratories. Come, I will show you about." Sterling follows *him.* Mysterious doors open to let them pass. All manner of weird things lie before them: monstrous insects, enormous spiders, strange living things such as no man has ever gazed on before. "Let me now," says the Oriental, "introduce you to my assistants." He does so. And Sterling receives the most terrific shock of his life. The men he meets are all great scientists—scientists who, years ago, *had died!* . . . A monster—a thing neither man nor beast—escapes, rushes at Sterling, who, terrified, leaps into a room. The door closes. Before him is—Fleurette! They converse breathlessly. The girl informs Sterling that Mahdi Bey, an old Arab doctor who occupies a villa near Petrie's, had adopted her when she was a baby. "I," she whispers, "have been trained for a purpose." Then, as a light, trumpet-like note is heard, she hurries away.

Another beautiful woman steals into the room. Having encountered her before, Sterling recognizes her. She is *Fah Lo Suee,* Fu Manchu's daughter. Apparently in love with Sterling, she leads him to her father, who, after his captive has received a hypodermic injection of some strange drug, gives him a signet ring—a ring which, he says, will serve as a tiny radio. . . . Asleep in his room, Sterling awakens. Something has touched him. Someone, or some*thing,* is in the room—close beside him!



"Look!" said Trenck, with emotion. He pointed; and I saw, creeping up from

VI

DO NOT speak—nor turn on the light!"

Fah Lo Suee's voice! Fah Lo Suee was somewhere in the room beside me. . . .

"Listen—for there are some things you must know tonight. First, look upon yourself as in China. For although this is France—"

"France! I am still in France?"

"You are in Ste. Claire de la Roche. . . . It makes no difference; you are in China. No one can leave here day or night without my father's consent—or mine. Very soon now he opens his war upon the world. He will almost certainly succeed; he has with him some of the finest brains in science, military strategy and politics which Europe, Asia and America have ever produced. . . ."

I resigned myself to the magic of her voice.

But if I was indeed in Ste. Claire, it remained to be seen if no one could leave.

This house, she told me, was a mere outpost, used chiefly as a base for certain experiments. Elsewhere she had allies of her own, but in Ste. Claire, none.

"For you see I do not agree with all that my father plans—especially his plans concerning Fleurette—"

"Fleurette! What are these plans?"

"Ssh!" Cool fingers were laid upon my arm. "Not so loudly. It is about her I came to tell you. She was chosen—before her birth—for this purpose. She has Eastern and Western blood; her pedigree on both sides is of the kind my father seeks. I am his only child. It will be Fleurette's duty to give him a son—"

"What! Good God! You mean he *loves* her?"

Fah Lo Suee laughed softly.

"How little you know him! She is part of an experiment—the success of which is of political importance. But listen," she lowered her voice: "*I* do not wish this experiment to take place. . . . Soon, very soon, we shall be leaving France. Fleurette—I think—has found *love.* She is of a race, on her mother's side, to whom love comes swiftly."

"Do you mean. . . ?"

"I mean that if you want Fleurette I will help you. Is that direct enough? It was for this reason I emptied the syringe and recharged it with a harmless fluid. I had seen . . . once, in the bay; again, in this room. . . ."

She had seen me on the beach! Hoping—doubting—trying to think, to plan, I listened.

FAH LO SUEE had gone.

That voice which seemed to caress the spirit, in which there was a fluttering quality like the touch of butterfly wings and sometimes a hard, inexorable purpose which made me think of the glittering beauty of a serpent, had ceased. The presence of the sorceress was withdrawn.

The room remained in utter darkness; yet I seemed to see her gliding toward the door, and I envisaged her as a slender ivory statue created by some long-dead Greek, and endowed with life, synthetic but potent, by a black magician whose power knew no bounds.

I waited, as I had promised to wait, until I thought that fully a minute had elapsed; then I groped for the switch, found it, and flooded the room with light.

The door, visible from where I lay, I saw to be closed, nor had I heard it open. The location of the other door I did not know.

But I was the sole occupant of the place.

I had still half an hour before I should be summoned to the strange duties which awaited me—half an hour in which to think, to try to plan.

Going into the bathroom, I turned on the taps. Shaving materials and every other toilet necessity were provided in lavish form. I remembered that I had to memorize the Morse code, and leaving the taps running I returned to the little sitting-room and took up a chart of Morse which lay there on the table.

A brief inspection satisfied me that I could memorize it in a few hours. I have the kind of brain which can assimilate exact information very rapidly.

I returned to the bathroom and mechanically proceeded. . . .

To what extent could I rely upon the dream—or what had seemed to be a dream—which had preceded the visit of Fah Lo Suee? There was no evidence, so far as I could see, to indicate that one episode was more real than the other.

Perhaps the woman's visit had been part of the same dream—or perhaps I had dreamed neither! That almost

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the steaming mud, tender flesh-colored tendrils clasping the swampy roots

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

miraculous experiments in radio and television were being carried out in these secret laboratories, I could not doubt. It might be that that queer scene, resembling one in the cave of some medieval astrologer, had actually taken place; that for some reason, accidentally or purposefully, I had become a witness of it.

"There is as much truth in fable as in fact," Dr. Fu Manchu had said, when he had drawn my attention to the handbook of the modern alchemist.

Perhaps the lost Sibylline books upon which much of the policy of ancient Rome was based were not mere guesses, but scientific prophecy. Perhaps Fu Manchu had discovered Fleurette to possess the fabulous powers once attributed to the Cumæan oracle. . . .

I considered the strange things which Fah Lo Suee had told me, but greater significance lay, I thought, in the facts which she had withheld. Nevertheless, some glimmering of an enormity about to be loosed upon the world was penetrating even to my dull mind.

For good or evil I must now work in concert with this treacherous woman. Her purpose was revealed and it was one which I understood. In her alone lay safety, not only for myself, but for Western civilization.

I had just completed dressing when that tiny penetrating sound seemed to vibrate throughout my frame. It sustained one long note and then ceased; no attempt was made to send me a message, other than the signal which told me that my six hours' watch had commenced.

The door slid open and one of the white-robed Chinese appeared in the opening, inclining his head slightly and indicating that I should follow him. I slipped the code book into a pocket of my overalls. . . .

Exit without leave (which only Fu Manchu had power to give) was out of the question, Fah Lo Suee had assured me. Failing outside assistance, there was no means of leaving save by the main gate.

This was the problem exercising my mind as I followed my silent guide downstairs and along to the botanical research room.

I FOUND the famous Dutch botanist in a state of great scientific excitement. Already I was partly reconciled to the indisputable fact that he had died some years earlier in Sumatra. He led me to a small house where artificial sunlight prevailed.

About the mummy-like roots of some kind of dwarf mangrove which grew there, a bank of muddy soil steamed malariously. The place stank like an Amazon forest in the rainy season.

"Look!" said Trenck, with emotion.

He pointed; and I saw, creeping up from the steaming mud, tender flesh-colored tendrils clasping the swampy roots.

"The orchid of life!" Trenck cried. "The Doctor so terms it. But imagine! Watch this thermometer—watch it as though your life depended, Mr. Sterling! Here is a culture of *fourteen days!* In its natural state in Burma, flowering occurs at intervals of rarely less than eighty years! Do you realize what this means?"

I shook my head rather blankly.

"Come, Companion! It means that if we can produce flowers, and I expect these buds to break within the next few hours, no one of us, no member of the Si-Fan, shall ever die except by violence!"

Probably my expression had grown even more blank, for:

"The Doctor has not told you?" he went on excitedly. "Very well! The knowledge which we accumulate is common to us all, and it is my privilege to explain to you that from this orchid the Doctor has obtained a certain oil. It is the missing ingredient for which the old alchemists sought. It is the Oil of Life!"

As he spoke, mentally I conjured up the face of Dr. Fu Manchu, recalling the image which had occurred to me—that of Seti the First, the Egyptian Pharaoh. Could it be possible that this Chinese wizard had solved a problem which had taunted the ages?

"He spoke of it," I said, "but gave me no details. How old then is Dr. Fu Manchu?"

Trenck burst out laughing.

"Do you think," he cried, his voice rising to a note almost hysterical, "that a man could know what *he* knows in one short span of life? How can I tell you? It is only necessary to prevent the veins from clogging as in vegetable life. The formula which first came into his possession demanded an ingredient no longer obtainable. For this, after nearly thirty years' inquiry, he found a substitute in the oil expressed from this Burmese orchid. Ah! I must go. It is tantalizing to leave at such a moment, but regulations must be obeyed. But I forget; you are a novice. I will show you how to call me if a bud breaks."

HE HURRIED back to the laboratory and pointed to a dial set upon the wall. He illustrated its simple mechanism; it was not unlike that of a dial telephone.

"You see," he said, "my number is ninety-five."

He twisted the mechanism until the number ninety-five appeared in a small, illuminated oval.

At which moment I heard again that strange vibrating note, which had so intrigued me on the beach of Ste. Claire.

Trenck pressed a button and the number ninety-five disappeared from the illuminated space, and that incredibly high sound, which was almost like the note of a bat, ceased.

"At the moment that a bud begins to break," he said, "you will call me? It would be tragic for a new world to open before us in all its perfection and Father Time to cut us off before we could enjoy it. Eh? I envy you your hours of duty; they may bring the honor of being the first man to witness a thing which shall revolutionize human life!"

My course was already set.

That there would be some kind of night patrol—probably one of those immobile Chinamen—I could not doubt. But since I had no orders to the contrary, I was presumably entitled to proceed wherever I pleased, definitely, within the botanical department and by presumption elsewhere, always supposing that the communicating doors were not locked.

COMPLETE silence descended upon the laboratory and I found it necessary to keep reminding myself of the fact that in the eyes of those surrounding me, including the formidable Dr. Fu Manchu himself, I had become a Companion of the Si-Fan, a devotee of the cause, a blind slave of the Chinese doctor.

The more I considered the situation, the more obvious it became that I had only one person to fear—Fah Lo Suee! Fah Lo Suee, alone, knew that I was still the captain of my soul.

She counted on my interest in Fleurette to insure my complicity. She thought—and she was right—that I would hesitate at nothing to save the lovely Rose-petal from that unimaginable fate mapped out for her by the insane master of so many destinies.

And as I paced up and down that silent room, I tried to work out where my duty lay.

Fah Lo Suee clearly took it for

(Continued on page 39)

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It was a strange and disagreeable situation to be so acutely aware of a young man who remained so completely unaware of her

The Good Model

The good citizens of her home town will tell you they know all about Mary James and that red-headed young man in Paris. They don't know half of it!

By Phyllis Duganne

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

MARY JAMES had wanted a number of things in her life and, in a quiet but decided fashion, she achieved them, one by one. The Biblical To-him-that-hath-shall-be-given was all very well for those who had, but Mary, having not, reached and attained the same result. She wanted to get out of Miles City, Montana, and go to New York, and she did. After a week as a very minor and insignificant employee in the firm of Broderick-Lane, she wanted to be Owen Broderick's private secretary—and she was.

Of course there was frequently a hiatus between desire and achievement, but looking at things largely, as Mary did, one could ignore that. The fact that she had been nursery governess to the dreadful Palmer children for five months before she saved her car fare east, or the fact that she went to night school for half a year and spent a third of another year rising by degrees before she attained the small sunny office beside Owen Broderick's, were unimportant. In March of the year 1933, Mary James decided that she wanted to go to Paris—and she went.

"IT'S a pity you don't speak French," Mrs. Canby-Maynard complained to her secretary, as they stepped over the gangplank to the pier at Le Havre.

The secretary, her cheeks as pink as her rose-colored scarf, her eyes as shining as two polished brown chestnuts, gave an excited gurgle, and said, "Oh, but I *do*, now, Mrs. Canby-Maynard! I've been studying all the way across!"

Her employer, who had been seasick all the way across, regarded her suspiciously. The Isle St. Louis took five days to make the passage.

Miss Mary James did not explain further; in a world of action she found explanations a bore, but she proceeded promptly to demonstrate. Even if she had not looked like any man's ideal of an American girl, slim and trim and confident, it is still true that no one would have mistaken her for a native Frenchwoman, yet porters, customs officials and the admiring young ship's officer, who had been one of those privileged to instruct her in his language, listened and understood.

"*Pas des cigarettes*," said Mary, finding it as simple to lie in French as in English, if advisable. Her smile curved her young lips so delightfully that before Mrs. Canby-Maynard could say Canby-Maynard, their luggage was stamped and being hustled off to the waiting train.

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It was scarcely necessary, Grace Canby-Maynard reflected, for one's secretary to be so pretty, and she toyed with the idea of discharging Mary as a secretary and adopting her as a protégée—"Miss James, the daughter of an old school friend—" But whatever Mary might have become to Mrs. Canby-Maynard, after three days at the Grande Palace Hotel, she found her actual rôle that of combined chaperone and confidante. For—"My dear, I never was so surprised in my life! Isn't it funny?"—who should be staying at this identical hostelry but Nigel Payne!

Mrs. Canby-Maynard budded and blossomed; not, Mary shrewdly suspected, what is called a second blooming, but just another spring. April in Paris. . . . She grew daily younger and more breathless, and Nigel was one of those men who, at forty-five, can be instantly recognized from his baby pictures—the cute ones where he dropped off his shirt and gurgled at the photographer.

Secretary, bosom friend—she had become mamma and papa to Mrs. Canby-Maynard, realized Mary when she returned to the hotel that afternoon and found the note. There was no conceivable reason why Mrs. Canby-Maynard should have eloped. The breath of romance . . . Mary James' chestnut eyes grew grave, as she read it:

"Dear, dear M. J.—Nigel and I have decided to run away and be married! Isn't it the most romantic thing? We're going to—but that is a secret! After a while I will let you know our address. I'm enclosing two weeks' salary in advance. I'm sure you'll have no trouble finding another place. Charlotte Carpenter was wild to have you help with her genealogy. My dear, I am positively giddy with happiness! Ever,

"GRACE C.-M."

MARY turned over the single sheet of note paper, looked into the envelope. In her giddiness, Mrs. Canby-Maynard had forgotten the two weeks' salary.

She was aware abruptly of eyes upon her. From behind the gleaming desk counter of the Grande Palace Hotel, the clerk was looking at her. "There is," he said politely, "also this, mademoiselle."

Mary opened the second envelope, and then looked at the clerk. A flush of anger swept over her face.

"You're not taking any chances, are you?" she demanded.

"Mademoiselle?"

Her anger melted, and she grinned. French people, she had already discovered, understood English at their own convenience. Well, it was quite right of him, too. She certainly could not remain here. She could pay this bill, and have some two hundred francs left.

She turned and went up to her room, packed her steamer trunk and suitcase, thoughtfully. *After a while I will let you know our address . . . Charlotte Carpenter was wild to have you help with her genealogy.* She did not know how long a *while* might be, in Mrs. Canby-Maynard's honeymoon, nor who Charlotte Carpenter was, but there were, at least, two straws to which she could cling. Two straws, and two hundred francs!

She crossed to the window and looked out. "Paris," announced Mary James of Miles City, Montana, "here I am!" She marched to the telephone, her chin high. "Send up a man for my baggage, please!" She did not know where she was going with her baggage, her two hundred francs, and her two straws but, as she had been demonstrating for twenty-two years, actions spoke louder than words, and she was on her way!

She paid her bill; her trunk and valise were preceding her through the doorway to the street. A tall, red-headed young man was coming toward her, and Mary halted directly in his path.

"Are you an American?" she asked—as though he could be anything else, striding so boldly into the lobby of the Grande Palace.

"I am," he said, stopping and blinking at her.

"Are you an American who would know the name of a cheap but respectable hotel?" she pursued.

"I am," he said again. "Right bank—left bank—"

"All around the town—" said Mary smiling. "Well, name three!"

HE NAMED three, one behind the Madeleine, one near Napoleon's Tomb, and one around the corner from the Pantheon.

"Thanking you kindly—" said Mary, gave him an even more charming smile than her first, and swept into the waiting taxi without a backward glance. "Hotel Select," she told the driver. "*Près de la Pantheon.*"

She was feeling exceedingly pleased with herself. Other girls in her present situation—her present lack of any situation—might be apprehensive. "The Lord helps her who helps herself," she quoted Scripture to her own advantage. And, anyway, the James luck was notorious. He had been charming, that red-headed young man.

The Hotel Select was exactly what Mary James wanted it to be, inexpensive and with the charm she had missed at the Grande Palace. She did not unpack her things, but hurried out again into the sunlight. The sidewalk cafés on the Boulevard St. Michel were crowded, and Mary stopped at a kiosk and bought a Paris Herald, found an empty table and ordered a *café crème.* Here one sat and watched the world go by.

"'Mrs. Henry Mortimer and daughters, Anne and Helen, are staying at the Plaza Athénée,'" she read. "'Mrs. Ruth Brett gave a luncheon party yesterday at the Carleton. Among the guests were . . .'" A white-robed Moor attempted to sell her a dreadful rug; she shook her head, laughing at him. "'Mrs. Charlotte Carpenter has gone to Biarritz. . . .'"

Mary sat very still. Like a tinge of east in a summer wind, she felt the first touch of apprehension. It was fun, it was romantic, it was exciting—but it was also a little terrifying to realize that she was alone in the city of Paris with considerably less than ten American dollars to her name and not a single acquaintance! She stared at the newspaper. What would she do, if—

She jerked her chin up, impatiently. What would she do, indeed! What had she been doing, all her life? The obvious thing was to get up, this instant, and find herself another job!

SHE did her part. The tired young man at the Paris Herald office advised her flatly to go home. "There are hundreds of American girls who'd like jobs in Paris," he told her. "Maybe thousands. You'd better go back to New York." He yawned, and Mary looked at him indignantly. "What would you advise my using for money?" she snapped. "Busted?" he asked. "Better cable the folks, sister."

The Englishman she encountered at the Daily Mail was more sympathetic. He directed her to an agency which supplied governesses and nursemaids and asked her to have dinner with him. Mary didn't like his mustache or his pale hands, and declined politely. At the agency the woman in charge offered no hope. Americans did not want American governesses, and Mary was too pretty, too chic, to be engaged by any European woman in her right mind. "You'd better cable home." "There's no one to cable," said Mary. "You'd better appeal to the American consulate, then."

"Are you an American?" she asked, as though he could be anything else

Mary's heels clicked like castanets on the pavement, as she marched away. She returned to the Grande Palace and left a forwarding address for her mail.

"A gentleman called to see you," the clerk told her.

Mary's eyes widened. She knew no one in Paris! And the gentleman had left no name. For a crazy moment she found herself thinking of the red-headed young man. But that was absurd! She did not know the red-headed young man; how could he have called to see her?

She walked slowly back to the Select, tired, not so much from walking as from defeat. Where was the famous James luck? She really needed it now. . . .

She thought she had recovered it that evening when she entered a restaurant and saw the red-headed young man at a table with a companion. Her heart gave a leap of—well, of returning confidence, anyway. They had not been introduced, of course, but this was Paris, and they were two young Americans, far from home. A smile of recognition curved Mary's mouth as he glanced at her. Then, without the faintest light in his blue eyes, without a gleam of memory or even interest, he glanced away.

MARY sat very still, pretending to study the menu, and desperately trying to hold back the tears she could feel forming behind her eyelids. She ate her dinner quickly, and when she rose to go she did not so much as glance in the direction of the red-headed young man. She did not look, yet she could not help hearing his companion, with proper masculine interest murmur, "Gosh, that's a pretty girl, Bill!" as she went by.

In the dusk of the street the unshed tears suddenly fell, and she hurried, half blinded by them, to the hotel and flung herself on her bed. It did no good to repeat that she always landed on her feet, that she could take care of herself, as always. At home, yes—but this was Europe!

There was no mail forwarded from the Grande Palace the next morning. Perhaps, Mary thought, Mrs. Canby-Maynard would write to her at the American Express, and she walked over there. "No, nothing," the clerk told her, with that marked disinterest which seemed to be a part of all Americans established in Paris. As she turned from the window, she saw the red-headed young man standing in line.

Mary's cheeks flamed with resentment, and her brown eyes smoked; she walked up the Avenue de l'Opéra in a daze of anger. What was the idea of fate in throwing this young man across her path all the time, unless there were some reason for it? She sat down on the terrace of the Café de la Paix and ordered coffee and rolls. When he turned the corner from the avenue and sat down at a table, it was a definite effort for her not to throw a saucer at him. Still as unaware of her as though she were invisible, he bent over his mail.

Mary watched him, crossly. She tried to find faults with his face but, while by no means classic, it had no grave defects. Eyes well apart, nose straight, mouth—well, yes. The mouth was his best feature, mobile and alive; as she watched, it twisted into a thoroughly nice smile, over his letter.

It was a strange and disagreeable sensation for Mary James to be so

(Continued on page 32)

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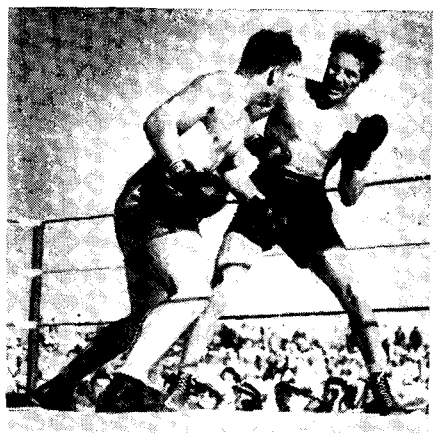

Wide World

Scandlin

Scandlin

The Livermore Larruper, above, beating Levinsky; center, explaining a punch, and below, on the road with his trainer

Native Son

By Grantland Rice

Life was just a huge playground to Max Baer, who thought that he could whip any man in the world. Then Jack Dempsey gave him some straight-from-the-shoulder advice, and Max now is tending strictly to business—the business, he hopes, of conquering Max Schmeling

Drawing by C. C. Beall from a photograph by Horace Scandlin

California looks to Maxie Baer to bring home the crown of her old ring immortals, Corbett and Jeffries

JAMES J. JEFFRIES was California's last contribution to the heavyweight throne. Now California is looking to another native son, Maxie Adelbert Baer, the Livermore Larruper, to lift again the fistic banner which James J. Corbett and Jeffries carried for so many years.

Jim Jeffries, for size, strength, speed and stamina, was the greatest physical specimen that ever held the heavyweight title. Yet Max Baer is more than an inch taller than Jeffries, ten pounds heavier, looser jointed, and he has more of the appearance of an athlete. Baer is just as fast and more experienced than the other California giant who fumbled his way into a New York start and later knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons.

Life to Jim Jeffries, silent and glum, was a serious affair. Life to Max Baer, until a few months ago, has been a playground for a young fellow who liked fast cars, flashy clothes, and who believed he could whip any man in the world. For that matter he still feels the same way about it.

I first saw Baer in action against the late Ernie Schaaf and later against Tommy Loughran. The young Californian, then barely past twenty, lacked the experience needed to face these two campaigners. He stood toe to toe and slugged it out with Schaaf, a game, hard-hitting, granite-jawed two-hundred-pounder, in one of the best heavyweight scraps I have seen in years. Both men took a whale of a beating that night with a continuous fusillade on chin, head and body. Schaaf's experience carried off the verdict, but there wasn't much to spare. It was a great start for a twenty-year-old beginner almost unknown outside of his native California.

Before this fight Baer had been charged with rapping his head against steam pipes to toughen up his skull. At that time he was just about wild and woolly enough to try such a stunt. But he had proved that he was game, tough, and could hit.

Baer appeared to be a long way from the title when he met Tommy Loughran. That skilled, veteran boxer tied the young giant novice into knots, pumping a fast left into Baer's face until the westerner was so badly bewildered that he finally broke into a foolish grin.

Baer weighed 204 pounds at that time. Last April he came to New York weighing 228 pounds, but still lean-looking and apparently in fine condition. His tremendous, big-boned frame and his broad shoulder expanse can carry at least 215 pounds without a sign of any surplus weight.

After the Loughran fight Baer's trainer, Gus Wilson, was considerably wrought up because his fighter seemed to be more interested in feminine society than in smacking a hostile jaw. But when Wilson brought this charge to Jack Dempsey, Baer only laughed. And the louder Gus panned him, the louder Max laughed.

It was Jack Dempsey, more than anyone else, who finally pounded a few serious thoughts into Baer's head. For some time Dempsey has had tremendous faith in Baer's ability. He saw all the makings of a coming champion packed into that tall and powerful frame, covered with loose, flowing muscle.

Dempsey Wins His Point

"Most of us who got there had a long, hard pull before we reached the top," he told Baer. "But here you are at twenty-three with just a few hard battles to your credit and still you are only two fights away from the big title. You're in the best spot any challenger ever held. But you're not good enough to laugh and clown your way to the top. No one has ever been that good. If you'll only put your mind on your work, you've got the best chance I've ever seen."

Dempsey hammered at Baer in this fashion for nearly a year. He finally won his point, due largely to the fact that Jack Dempsey has always been Max Baer's ring idol, the greatest of them all. He promised Dempsey he would concentrate on the Schmeling job, and as a result the Baer who landed in New York this spring was quite a different entry from the wild kid who reported nearly two years ago.

Baer has the same restless manner, the same nervous energy that Dempsey has always had. But he also has Gene Tunney's lack of worry and complete coolness when the firing starts. I am not suggesting that Max Baer is a combination of Dempsey and Tunney. But at least he is bigger and stronger than either, just about as fast, a harder puncher than Tunney was and as hard to hurt as Dempsey was in his prime.

I asked Dempsey what he considered the qualities a heavyweight champion needed most. "That's fairly easy," the ex-champ replied. "He must be able to punch and he must be able to take a punch. That's why I think Baer has a great chance to reach the top at a younger age than any champion has yet known. The next two qualities I like are aggressiveness and speed, and here again Baer fits the bill. He is fast for a big man and he is willing to wade in and fight."

Baer must face Max Schmeling first. If he slips by that June date in New York he will then have the winner of the Sharkey-Carnera argument to look after, but his toughest job will be to conquer Schmeling. The German lost a decision to Jack Sharkey, but he hasn't lost a fight in three years. He is a cool, calculating opponent, fast enough and strong enough, a good boxer with a good right arm.

Schmeling's Biggest Risk

Schmeling is much more experienced than his opponent under championship fire, since Schmeling has known three such battles while Baer has yet to face his first. And the German Max is a hard man to hit with a solid smack. Both Stribling and Sharkey are good boxers, but the German finished each contest minus a mark or a welt. He can do more than his share of damage at close range, which Sharkey seemed to understand in their last joust. Schmeling's short right-hand chop or jolt is no cream puff thrown by a lame arm. He is a better all-around boxer.

On this next charge Schmeling is running the biggest risk he has faced since he first started up the rocky slope. He is meeting the biggest and strongest fighter he has ever tackled, the hardest puncher and the hardest to hurt. Schmeling has always been a tireless competitor, stronger in the stretch than he was at the start. But Baer has gone twenty rounds more than once without any show of slowing down. He gives you the impression that he could fight all day and still like it.

The Livermore Larruper is the one fresh note in the pugilistic chorus. So far, at least, he seems to be the New Deal for bored fight spectators.

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Ray Rohn

Don't hurry after success so fast that happiness can't catch up with you

Take it Easy

By Don Marquis

ARCHY PULLS A PARABLE

once there was a big bull ant
the lord and patriarch of his tribe
walking across the desert
beside the river nile
filled with the fever of self importance
and he ran wham into the base
of cheops pyramid
get out of my way said the ant
the pyramid answered nothing
move cried the ant or i will
kick you into a dusty reminiscence
the pyramid still ignored him
and the ant turned and kicked
the pyramid with all his feet
and all his force but the pyramid
stonily ignored the assault
maddened with rage the ant
turned and bit the pyramid
until his teeth splintered and his jaw ached
but the pyramid stood steadfast in the sands
and neither moved nor spake
curses cried the ant i will be revenged
and he resolved to breed a tribe
of super ants and bring them up
generation after generation
to bite the pyramid
and out of his dynamic wish
his aspiration and his hot desire
there evolved this tribe of ants
with stronger jaws than ants had had before
and they bit and bit and bit
the pyramid each ant breaking off
in the course of his whole life
an infinitesimal particle
of the brutal granite
it was five thousand years ago
when this strange duel began
between the ants and the pyramid
and in that time the ants have
eaten a hole in the base of the pyramid
that a man could stick his two fists into
in a million years more
they will have eaten the base away
and the pyramid will crumble and fall
this shows what patience will do
fixity of purpose and racial obsession

i had a moral when i started out
i was going to say that the human race
could eventually pull down and destroy
all the rocky barriers
which keep them out of utopia
and out of the millennium
if they attacked
in the same spirit as these ants
and bred themselves consciously
to the task for a million years
that they could destroy chaos
and clear the ground
for a sane and orderly
social structure in consonance
with the moral progress of the suns
and the divine intention which holds
the rapid planets to their orbits
but on second thought
on more mature reflection
i am somewhat chilled
for the fact is that these ants
have so specialized on biting
the pyramid that they
no longer remember why they are biting it
they have turned entirely
to jaw and habit
and forgotten the reason for their activity
and if they had had any sense
in the beginning they might have
walked round the damn thing
and paid no further attention to it
and something similar might happen
to the human species if it
took itself too seriously
anyhow here are two morals
and you can use whichever one
appeals to you most this morning
as for me i am going down the street
to a temple of gambrinus
and irrigate my intellect
the new beer appeals to me more
than the new freedom ever did
may the gods help me for i am
becoming indolently human
in my point of view
i dont want anything bad enough
to work for it consistently
i have fallen to the level of mankind
anything you do
in this queer universe
is dangerous to the health
of your soul and so
is anything you dont do
bite your way out of that
if you can

archy

It's queer how many short fat women have high, thin voices.

Hitler abolishes freedom of the press. Mussolini was liberal; he left the press freedom enough to praise Mussolini.

The abolition of poverty is a great ideal; but what are we to do about the people who have it in their natures?

Hitler can order a new religion, but can he get anyone to believe in it?

I have heard men say that they were held back by circumstances; but no one ever confessed to me that he was boosted ahead into success by circumstances.

A classic: something you dragoon your kids into reading because your father forced you to read it.

Some of the current playwrights seem to pack an awful libido.

Be careful how you praise a writer's work. Do it once or twice, and he will get sore as a boil if you don't make it a daily habit.

A romance is a misapprehension shared by a man and a woman which may easily be cleared up by marriage.

Don't hurry after success so fast that happiness can't catch up with you.

Hitler discards the Old Testament; but perhaps what he thinks of it is less important than what it thinks of him.

When the depression is quite over people will go back to the old dependable conversation about the weather.

Life is a job, and there's no sense in working yourself out of it too quickly.

I wish I had the wasted years I gave to toil and duty, that I might spend them in pursuit of folly and of beauty!

I was so wise when I was young, so careful and so prudent! I was a very virtuous youth, a staid and solemn student. I would I had to spend again the nights I spent in thinking—how I would give the razz to thought and concentrate on drinking! My wasted life, my wasted life! It makes me melancholy to think of all the sober years I might have spent on folly!

Inhibitions and taboos are a good thing for the human race to have; the progress of the species has been over the wreckage of violated taboos.

Yes, slave and save . . . and along comes some wise gink who borrows it from you.

I don't pretend to know whether Hitler is good for Germany; whether he is good for the world in general, I have my doubts. He is to me a peculiarly unsympathetic character, and whatever his other talents may amount to, he is certainly talented in sowing dissension throughout the world.

Boron atoms and neutrons result when alpha particles strike lithium atoms.—*Press report.*

Yes, and what are you *doing* about it? *You,* I mean—*you!* Just letting it happen? Or do you have the manhood, the social consciousness, the Americanism, to make a protest?

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Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

"I do care," he said. "But if she'll have none of

The Story Thus Far:

MARTHA BLAISDELL learns that her broker, Gerald Gerrish, has been spreading scandalous rumors in which their names are linked. She dismisses the man; then learns, to her consternation, that she is almost penniless!

Facing destitution, frightened, she makes a desperate decision: to "marry for money." And presently she is engaged to Herbie Cranston, noted explorer, attractive, and rich. . . . But Gerrish is in a belligerent mood. Again and again he attempts to destroy Martha's good name. Then—warned by Cranston that he must cease annoying the girl—he files suit against Martha to recover funds he claims to have advanced her on her promise to marry him!

Martha is willing to marry a man she merely admires. She is *not*, however, willing to drag him through scandal. She decides to give Cranston his freedom. Leaving the Lemmings' Long Island estate, where she has been week-ending, she goes to her apartment in New York. *Gerrish, intoxicated, is there!* He raves at her, threatens her—then falls dead! . . . Cranston *arrives, hears the story; then* makes a wise decision. Martha has a friend—Peter Baxter. Baxter, a strong, reliable man, and a loyal one, is a doctor. If he will only help Cranston spirit the body to Baxter's office, and inform the authorities that Gerrish died there, the girl will be safe. He phones the doctor, who hurries over. Like Cranston, he loves Martha Blaisdell, is eager to help protect her. With Cranston, he takes the body to his office. . . . One per*son alone is suspicious of Baxter's story:* Ansted, Gerrish's valet. The doctor feels sure he is dangerous. He is. . . . Alone in her apartment, Martha receives a terrifying shock. The door opens and a man enters—Ansted. "I am Mr. Gerrish's valet," he announces. "I used Mr. Gerrish's key to your apartment."

Martha listens to him as he rambles on and, listening, she knows that he has learned far too much, is probably preparing to blackmail her. He leaves, on her threat to call the police; then, under the influence of liquor, tells a reporter of his findings. The reporter informs the authorities. Martha is summoned to police headquarters. She goes, accompanied by Baxter and Cranston, who strive chivalrously to shield her. But, unwilling to see either suffer, she tells the whole story. . . . Released, she finds the newspapers shouting her name, in lurid headlines. She is requested to vacate her apartment. She does so, goes to a cheap lodging house. What, she wonders now, should she do? Courage is needed. But she has it. She must face the future alone.

X

BERT CRANSTON had never been the impetuous type that rushes in blindly where wise men hold back. He believed in utter and complete absorption in the task before him, and such concentration necessarily implied preparation. Those explorations which had brought him a measure of fame had not been haphazard snatches at glory. He spent more time planning a trip than the trip itself required. In short, there was little of genius in the Cranston make-up, but a great deal of perseverance.

Letty and Trudie and Bob Lemming told him what to do during the week that followed the great wave of scandal. He listened more attentively to Trudie than to the others because she knew Martha better.

"But she has to make up her own mind," he argued. "It isn't fair to her for me to rush her, to crowd her."

Trudie sighed impatiently.

"No woman ever made up her own mind. For that matter, I doubt if any man ever did. Events, the most trifling incidents, the slightest happenings—those are the *things* that make up a woman's mind."

Cranston essayed a smile.

"And I am one of the trifles that might sway Martha's purpose, eh?"

"Of course not. You're the most important thing in her life. But Martha doesn't know that; she can't realize it now. All she can think of is that she has been disgraced. It's your task to convince her that nothing matters except the fact that you two love each other."

"But she won't see me," he told her.

"You've telephoned her and you've written. I'm quite cross with you, Herbie. I suppose that if you sent her a telegram now you'd think you'd done everything possible."

"Well, what else can I do?" asked Cranston.

Trudie sighed again, this time pityingly.

"Herbie, I'm going to say a cruel thing to you: I think you'll make a marvelous husband but you're a very inadequate suitor."

"I didn't dream that lovely mouth could utter such cruelty," he grinned.

"I WASN'T being funny," said Trudie. "I mean it. I'll bet this world is filled with men who are capable of tremendous devotion, but they somehow can't—well, woo a girl."

"And I'm one of that number?"

"What do you think?" she parried. "There's Martha, alone in her apartment, going through hell. And you've telephoned and written."

"*But what else can I do?*" Cranston defended himself.

"Did you ever, in the heart of the jungle, come to a stream too deep to ford and too rapid to swim? Of course you have, and you got across it somehow, didn't you? What else can you do? Why, you haven't done anything. I know what I would have done if I were a man and *in love with Martha. I'd* have broken down the door of her apartment; I'd have climbed in through a window. I'd have seen her face to face, and I'd have carried her off to the nearest minister."

Now Cranston sighed.

"That's what women think they'd do if they were men," he said. "But those things really aren't done, Trudie dear. Not with a woman of Martha's type."

"Her type is the type of every other woman; she isn't one bit different from me or Letty or any other girl you know. Oh, I grant she's lovelier and sweeter and more desirable, and everything else like that. But when she's in trouble—*and God knows she's in plenty now*—she's ready to be carried off by the man who loves her. Can it be that you don't really love her, Herbie?"

During the past week some of the brick-burn had left his cheeks, but now they were fiery red.

"That isn't fair, Trudie. Because I won't embarrass Martha by making scenes outside her window doesn't mean that I don't care. I do care—more than I ever dreamed I could. But if she'll have none of me, all I can do is wait until she feels differently."

"I'M annoyed with you, Herbie," said Trudie. "I mean seriously annoyed. Is it pride that stops you? Does a petty rebuff mean more to you than the fact that Martha is miserable? Don't you understand that there are times when a girl must be forced to do the thing she really wants to do? She's letting her pride interfere with your happiness. Must you let your vanity interfere with it also? But that's what it is. No man really in love will accept a rebuff when he knows the girl loves him."

It was Sunday night, not yet dark. In half an hour the buffet supper which was customary on Sunday nights in the Lemming household would be spread upon tables in the dining-room. Guests would drop in. Although Trudie rarely bothered to ask anyone on Sunday night, there were seldom less than twenty people and sometimes twice as many to partake of her gayly offered hospitality. Letty was leaving for Bar Harbor at ten o'clock. She had remained all week, lending her brother comfort. He had told her that he would motor her into town for her train. But now it seemed to him that Trudie was right; at least, if she weren't right, her suggestion should be acted upon and proved to be right or wrong.

He hadn't had too much experience with girls. His own idea had been that in time—he couldn't know how long—Martha would become amenable, sweetly reasonable. But perhaps Martha would feel as Trudie seemed to feel, that he had been lacking in eagerness. God knew that wasn't true, *but it might* as well be true if Martha thought it was.

Letty felt the same way and so did Bob. They hadn't put their feelings as bluntly as Trudie had, but both of them had made it clear that they felt he had proved inadequate to a situation.

"I'll go in and see her now," he said.

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Illustrated by John H. Crosman

me, all I can do is wait until she feels differently"

"And you'll break down the door?" smiled Trudie.

He grinned at her.

"I'll tear down the walls," he assured her.

"Good man," said Trudie.

HE LEFT her and ran up the stairs to his sister's room. It was the first time in a week that his movements had been quick, elastic. His tennis had been listless and his golf perfunctory; even his swimming had been lazy and indifferent, during the past two days at Green Point. He had been waiting, and waiting leads to apathy. Now, because he had at last decided to do something, he was again the mentally vigorous man he had always been.

Letty called to him to enter. Her eyes widened at sight of him. Not only had she talked to him during the past several days, but she and the Lemmings had talked of nothing else but Bert. And she saw that something had happened to him in the past half hour.

"Have you heard from Martha?" she asked.

The question which forty minutes ago would have brought a cloud to his eyes did not disconcert him now.

"No, but I'm going to in the next hour or so. Trudie's been giving me a fight talk. Her idea is that I engage a fire department and ladder my way into Martha's presence. Well, I won't do quite that, but I'm going to see her. Without breaking down doors either. If I bribe a janitor to give me a key to her apartment I don't think she'll call the police to eject me, do you?"

Letty's eyes filled with sudden tears. She placed both hands upon his shoulders.

"No woman, and least of all Martha, is going to have you put away from her. Bert, she's the only one that can put you away. And don't let her! No matter what she says—pay no attention."

"It really *is* all right with you, isn't it?" he asked anxiously. "I mean—everything that's happened. They don't make any difference, those things?"

"If they don't to you, be sure they don't to me," she replied.

He scrutinized her closely.

"That sounds as though you thought they made some difference to me. Letty, I promise you they don't."

She patted him on the cheek.

"Of course they don't. Now you run along."

"But I'd said I'd drive you into town and put you on your train."

She smiled gayly at him.

"Sisters are sisters but sweethearts are something else again. You'd be surprised—and never dare tell Sim—how many men will offer to drive me into town tonight."

He frowned with mock severity.

"You behave yourself, Letty Torrance. There's a moon tonight; the air is balmy. I think you'd better hire a taxi. I don't trust you with impressionable men."

"And you couldn't have said anything more flattering. Bye. Bring her down to Maine, will you?"

"I'll use that as part of my sales talk," he laughed.

HE KISSED her on the cheek and whisked out of the room. Letty stared at the door through which he had vanished. She shook her head slowly, thoughtfully. Bert was swell, but—he was Bert. He had behaved, Letty thought, magnificently. But was Bert the type to thrive and flourish in the shade of his own magnificence? Always he would react decently, finely, but there was within him an aloofness, an untouchability that he barely recognized himself. Martha was—well, she was as nice as Trudie had painted her; she was quite the loveliest girl that Letty had ever met. But would her brother always be aware of her fineness to the complete exclusion of other thoughts?

Bert, warm with love, believed that he didn't mind the spattering, smirching, drenching wave of scandal. But would he, in the years to come, be conscious of that wave? She prayed God not. Oh, he would never show it by the tiniest expression. But if he felt it—well, she could only hope that he wouldn't. But character, no matter what the optimists tell us, is never changed by trial. It may be developed under stress; latencies may be brought out, but the essentials of character never change. And the chief ingredient in Bert's makeup was pride. Letty shrugged her pretty shoulders. Would that pride prove to be petty or prove to be great? One couldn't know. She heard Cranston's car grinding the gravel of the driveway. She smiled at the noise of the gears. Bert was starting off impetuously, and impetuosity was not one of his characteristics.

Nevertheless, recent as impetuosity might be, Cranston lost none of his new acquisition on the way to New York. And as he drove he scolded himself for not having earlier seen this light that Trudie had finally disclosed to him. No matter how much a loved one refuses consolation, it is the lover's part to offer it. Inadequate now seemed his letter and his attempts to telephone her. Well, he would remedy that inadequacy now.

The hallboy looked at him excitedly as he entered the apartment building off Washington Square.

"Gee, Mr. Cranston, that was slick, the way you and that doctor got rid of Mr. Gerrish. Think of me not knowing a thing about it until I read the papers. What a razzing I took from everybody because I was too dumb to know what was going on. Why," he went on in a burst of chivalry, "if you'd tipped me off I'd have helped you."

"I'm sure you would," said Cranston. He eyed the boy closely; then he produced a neatly folded packet of bills. He selected a fifty-dollar note.

"Perhaps you'd help me now?" He twisted the fifty-dollar bill around his forefinger.

THE boy gulped. Fifty dollars was a lot of money. He wondered if there was some other body that needed removal and was prepared to assist in its transfer.

"You bet I would," he said eagerly. "What do you want me to do?"

Cranston forgot that he hated to have people know his business, that he particularly resented disclosing to a menial difficulties between himself and the woman he loved.

"Miss Blaisdell feels rather badly, as you can imagine. She won't see me. I want you to get the key to her apartment and let me in."

Nothing mattered in the world save seeing Martha; it was of no moment that a hallboy should be aware that the course of true love was running none too smoothly. Yet Cranston was blushing hotly as he finished. And then the color left his face at the boy's words:

"Why, gee, Mr. Cranston, I'd do it in a minute. I know what dames are like. They get goofy, sort of, when something goes wrong. Why, I'd do it for nothing, if you came right down to it. But she isn't here."

"You know when she'll be in?"

The boy shook his head.

"I mean she doesn't live here any more. The superintendent gave her the gate. You know, a lot of newspaper chatter got his goat. The poor slob don't care what goes on in the place so long as it isn't in the papers. And believe me, plenty goes on here that wouldn't look well in a newsreel at a Sunday-school festival. But she's moved. She blew out yesterday."

Cranston stared at the boy.

"But she left an address?"

The boy shook his head.

"Not where she was going to live. She said to forward mail to her lawyer, and that was all. I can give you his name and address."

Cranston followed him to the telephone desk. He copied on a paper the name of Johnson Pelley, and his address. Almost without realizing what he was doing he slipped the bill from around his finger and gave it to the boy. But even in that tip-greedy heart compunction arose.

"Aw, it's too much," the boy protested.

Cranston made no reply; almost in a daze he climbed into his car and started it.

WHY hadn't he thought of this? Why had he taken until today to be persuaded into doing the only obvious, the only decent thing? Martha had pride; she had offered Cranston a way out of his engagement to a woman made notorious by circumstance. She had deliberately refused to talk to him on the telephone, purposely failed to answer his letter. But probably for days she had been praying that he would force his way into her presence and break down the barriers of pride which she had erected. And he hadn't done so, and so she must have decided that his love was a feeble thing. He couldn't blame her if she had. He had been utterly inadequate to the situation, had

(Continued on page 45)

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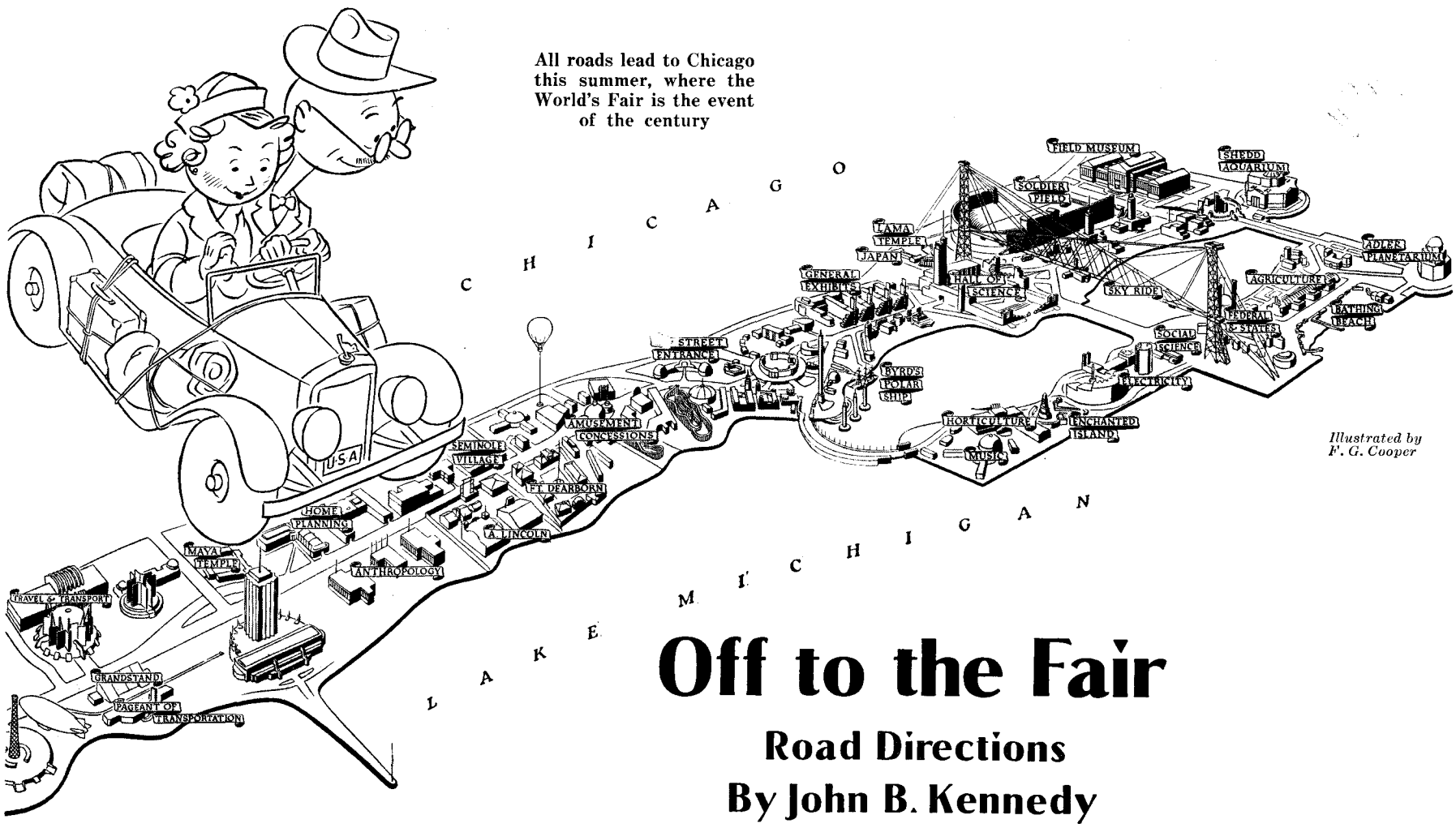

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

Off to the Fair

Road Directions

By John B. Kennedy

HOW do you get to the Century of Progress, the new World's Fair in Chicago?

You can go there by railroad, by airplane, by bus, by motor-car, by water, by bicycle, by trolley, by roller-skates and on a glacier, if you have plenty of time and the Fair holds out long enough. Eliminating the glacier, which is almost as slow as an Arkansas express; cutting out the trolley—to complete the trip by which, if you started from the Battery in New York, you'd need a trunkful of transfers—the quickest way is to get there by air, of course. It's also the most expensive. The slowest and cheapest way is to walk, although there are plenty of boys in Chicago who might take you for a ride. Roughly, airplane travel to the Fair costs about five cents a mile and your nearest newspaper will tell you just how many miles you are from Chicago.

By train you'll pay for round-trip excursions from two to two and a quarter cents a mile. By bus it works out at about one and a quarter cents a mile.

What are round-trip rates by air, rail and bus from points like Los Angeles, El Paso and Montreal?

That's a large quota of geography in one brief question; but it gives everybody a fair idea of what it takes to get to the Fair. From Los Angeles you can make the round trip by air for $207 in 24 hours, both ways. Rail will cost you $90.30 for a season-limit two-way ticket; $80.50 for a twenty-one-day first-class; $70.50 for a twenty-one-day tourist sleeper, and $60.50 for a twenty-one-day snore-proof day coach.

These twenty-one-day trips—either ritzy with Pullman or rough without—would give you about fifteen days at the Fair and in Chicago.

Pullman from and to Los Angeles will cost you $35.63, plus ten per cent for tips if you don't want the porter to glare when you leave. Meals at your own risk should set you back $3 a day.

So, over all, to do the thing doggily by rail from Los Angeles it will cost about $150, including newspapers, magazines and local postcards and Bronx blankets from Indians at Albuquerque.

The round trip by bus from Los Angeles will cost you $62.10 and take about four days each way. If you take time out to sleep there are hotel bills to pay. The bus trip, over all, will save you about $50 on the rail trip; but you'll earn it in bumps and boredom.

From El Paso, Texas, you can get a thirty-day round-trip ticket for $67.35—taking two days for the trip. Meals and Pullman will bring this to about $75. You can buy a sixteen-day trip for $12 less. Bus from El Paso will cost you $62.10 there and back. Air, $159.97.

Inducements for Canadians

From Montreal the fare-and-a-third round-trip rate to Chicago over week-ends will work for you. It will work everywhere within one thousand miles of Chicago. This will cost $38.92; with Pullman and meals about $60. Take day coaches each way and save $18.

Air there and back from Montreal, $103.04. Bus, $31.40.

From both West and East you can go part of the way by water—on the Hudson and St. Lawrence Rivers and the Great Lakes.

How do you get there by your own car?

Just go out on the nearest highway and start.

Except in the extreme backwoods countries where they haven't even heard of the last Chicago World's Fair—the Columbian Exposition of 1893, to say nothing of this one—the roads are uniformly good. You'll have no difficulty in reaching main state or national highways Chicago-bound. When you get within five hundred miles of the Fair you'll find every road marked with bright colors and cruising motorcycle and motor-car guides to help you out with information, and tourists' booths will punctuate the roads.

Can anyone work out an ideal scenic trip to and from the Fair for you wherever you are?

Yes. Your nearest automobile association will be glad to do this. You'll find it in the largest town nearest you. For that matter, the oil companies are making a special effort to supply their gas stations with full information, road maps, etc. But wherever you are, you can write the Century of Progress direct—Chicago—marking Auto Tourist Division on your postcard or envelope, and receive full information by return mail.

Has provision been made to shelter motor tourists? Free? Or at what cost?

En route to the Fair, from whatever point, you'll come across free motor camp sites. They are not as desirable as moderately priced country inns; but they'll save you money at the cost of convenience.

Within twenty-five miles of Chicago private interests have opened six concentration tourist camps for motorists. These are located at Westchester, Calumet Park, Hazel Crest, Park Ridge, Metteson, Harvey, and at 127th Street and Cottage Grove Avenue in Chicago. Rates will be a dollar a night per person; lower for those with tents.

These camps provide parking space for your car, plus a family cabin ranging from two to four rooms, with hot and cold water and toilet and shower.

Can you housekeep at these camps?

You can, but it isn't recommended. Some of them have central cook-houses. The better camps, however, do not permit cooking but will feed you at a central cafeteria at an average price of 75 cents for a good meal.

Two or three tourist agencies—approved by the Century of Progress and whose names and addresses you can get by writing the Fair—have made an all-inclusive set-up. They'll rent you a cabin, feed you two meals a day and give you every-day admission to the Fair (normally fifty cents an adult, twenty-five cents for children) at $77 for seven days for a family of four, $61 for three, $43 for two and $27 for one.

Can you drive right up to the Fair?

Yes—but not into it. The Illinois Central has a parking area for ten thousand cars back of Soldier Field. They'll park twenty-four hours for a dollar Saturdays, Sundays and holidays; fifty cents weekdays—unless the rates are changed.

For sight-seeing in the Fair grounds—which are three miles long, running along the lake from the Field Museum south—there are wheel-chairs pushed by students, and huge caterpillar busses in which Fair visitors sit side-saddle while uniformed young men lecture on all the points of interest.

Hotels for Everyone

How about hotel accommodations?

In abundance—ranging from the Drake, the Palmer House, the New Blackstone, the Congress and the like; the Stevens, the Sherman, the LaSalle and the Morrison—to the modest, of which there are many in the Loop area.

The Chicago hotels can accommodate more than 100,000—at rates varying from $1 a day to $10 a day. Suburban hotels can take care of 20,000 more; and the Fair information bureaus have on file long lists of approved boarding houses with rates running from $5 to $15 a week for a room, and from $15 to $25 a week for room and board. All listed places are approved.

As a footnote it should be said that food in Chicago is invariably good and reasonably priced. On the Fair grounds there will be at least five restaurants offering meals and light wine and beer at the prices you'd pay for them at your own Main Street eating or drinking place.

How long will the Fair run and what hours will it keep?

From the first week in June to the last day of October. The gates will open every morning at eight and close every night at ten—although all within the gates at that time will be permitted to remain until midnight. Incidentally, you can buy a season ticket for the duration of the Fair for $15.

(Continued on page 38)

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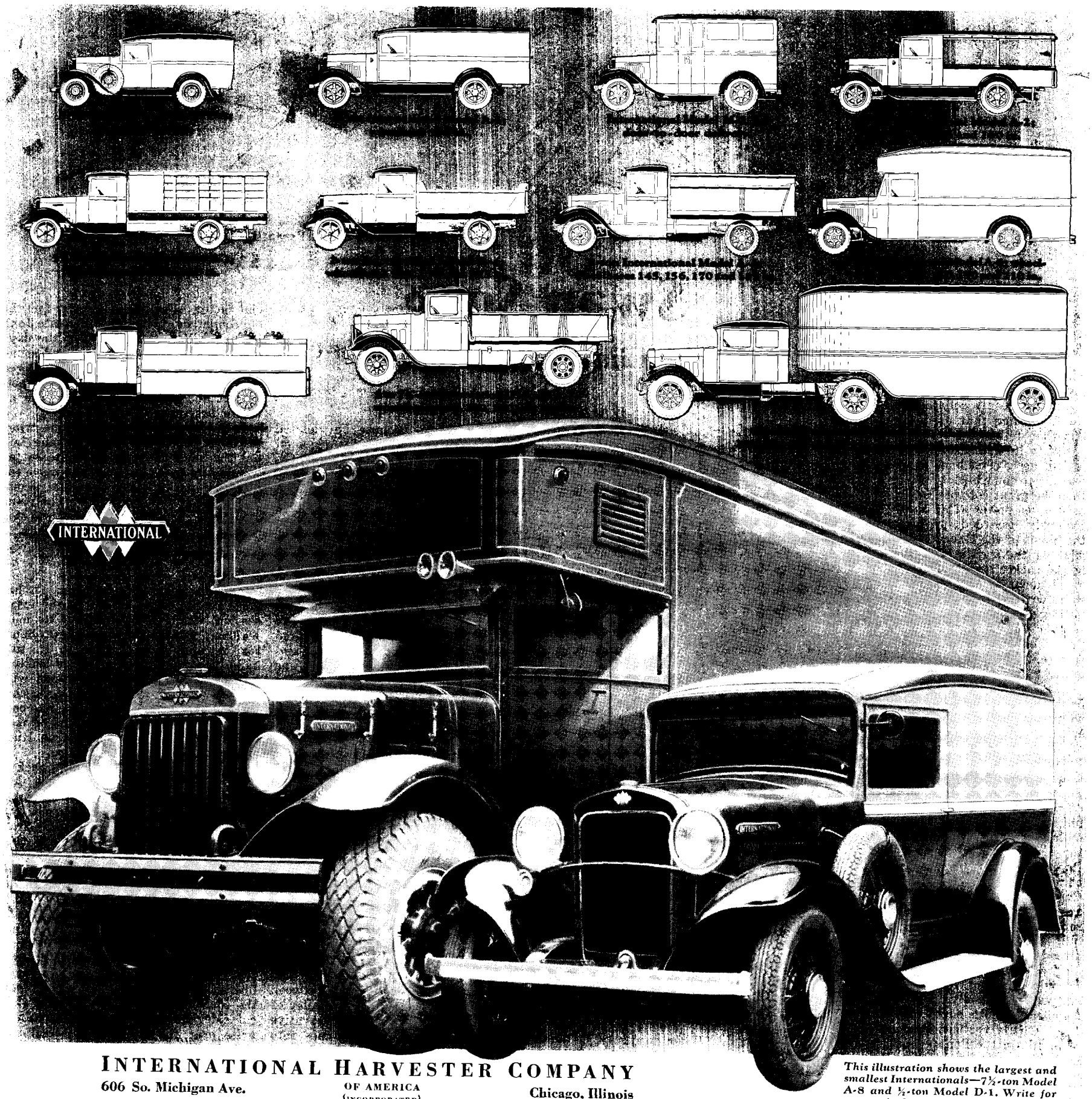
THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF TRUCKS OFFERED BY ANY COMPANY . . . BACKED BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST COMPANY-OWNED TRUCK SERVICE ORGANIZATION



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

This illustration shows the largest and smallest Internationals—7½-ton Model A-8 and ½-ton Model D-1. Write for particulars on any model shown.

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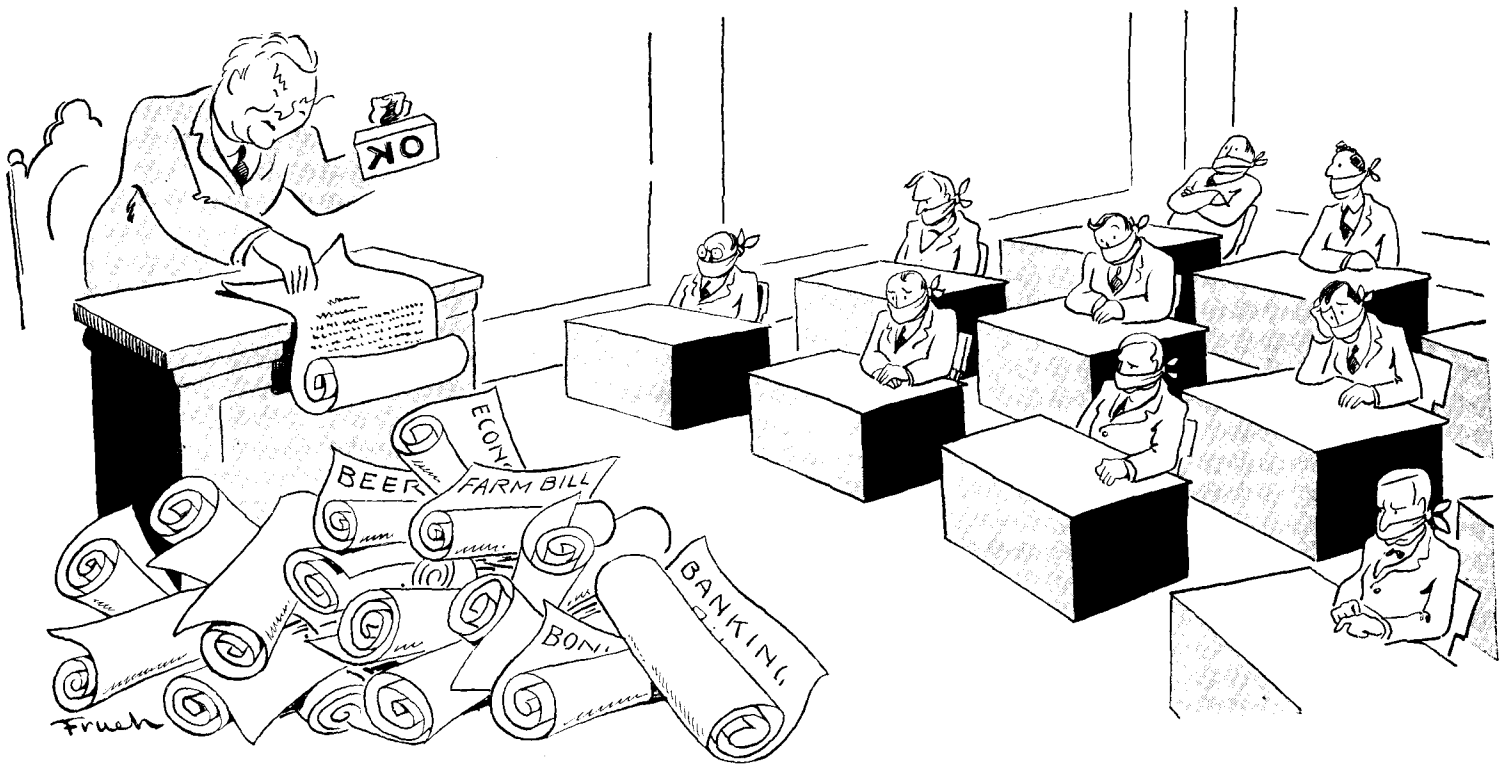

Illustrated by A. J. Fruch

Will Congress ever recover the power it voted away, confessing its failure, to the Executive?

Swan Song

By Clinton W. Gilbert

IN ALL our deflation the one thing that has not been deflated is the United States Senate. Because it passes with hardly a murmur bill after bill that President Roosevelt's professors wrote for it, the Senate may appear as deeply deflated as a stock on the Exchange that used to sell at 200 and then fell to the cellar.

But in its heart, however, the Senate is waiting to come back to where it was before the great collapse took place. But as it votes power after power, formerly jealously guarded prerogatives, into the hands of the Executive, one wonders whether the legislative racket will ever be the racket it once was. Perhaps the great deflation, when its history comes to be written, will be set down as a deflation of rackets. Will Congress ever recover the power over the national purse that it voted away, confessing its failure, to the Executive? Will the veterans' racket ever be restored?

The Senate has not changed its rules, or that lack of rules of which it has been so proud, but debate in it has been spiritless and brief, as the rapid passage of the professors' bills proves. Vice President Garner, wise in the expeditious ways of the House, hurries the Senate at times. He set a new precedent in handling the medicinal liquor bill, rattling off the usual House formula ending with "Without objection the bill is passed." Majority Leader Robinson rose to say that he intended to ask the proposer of the bill, Senator Copeland, to explain it. "The senator from Arkansas may ask the senator from New York to explain the bill," the chair replied, "but the bill is already passed." The Senate laughed and went on to another subject. Vice President Garner, a wise old legislator, cultivates friendly relations among members of both parties in the Senate.

It is little realized, but the absence of a rule in the Senate limiting debate may be got over as easily as the medicinal liquor bill was passed. To end a filibuster, parliamentarians say, nothing but a ruling from the chair and a vote on it is required. Filibusters proceed from the fact that the Senate has no rule under which debate may be shut off by moving the previous question. As it is it takes a two-thirds vote of the Senate to change the Senate rules and make the previous question one of the Senate's rules, and it takes a two-thirds vote to apply closure to end debate. But a simple majority may overrule a decision of the chair.

Suppose some member in the midst of a filibuster rises and moves "the previous question," a phrase very obnoxious to senatorial dignity. Vice President Garner, following Senate traditions, will necessarily rule the previous question out of order. An appeal may then be taken from the decision of the chair. If a majority votes against the ruling of Mr. Garner, then the motion of the previous question is in order. And if a majority then votes for the motion the filibuster is ended. When that happens the Senate's deflation will be complete.

The Urge to "Belong"

It does not happen, because the Senate is a club, because social and personal relations are more important and permanent than any of the issues that divide the Senate. An amusing illustration of the extent to which the Senate is a club is furnished by Huey Long. Long clamors loudly for the redistribution of wealth, for taxing the millions away from the millionaires. He is a candidate for the first dictatorship of the United States.

But Huey hasn't the stuff in him of which dictators are made. He is divided in his mind. He wants to lead the proletariat, to have his own black shirts. And at the same time he longs in his heart to be a member of the club. He desires popularity among the members of the Senate. When he speaks, he bids for a laugh and generally gets it. When he is depressed—and it is hard to believe that anyone with his vitality and capacity to enjoy life is ever depressed—he will talk of resigning "because he has no friends in the Senate." So powerful is the club.

Huey is not a member of the club, partly because he shouts for the redistribution of wealth, which shocks the Senate, but more because he violated the rules of the club in his personal attacks upon Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader, and upon Senator Carter Glass, which provoked the Virginian into the most unparliamentary aside to him that has been heard on the floor of the Senate in a generation.

Long's attack probably strengthened Robinson. The Arkansas senator had become unpopular with his followers because he accepted appointment from a Republican President, Mr. Hoover, as a member of the American delegation to the London Naval Disarmament Conference, and because he was one of several Democratic leaders who at the end of 1930 pledged Democratic coöperation in putting through Congress the Hoover reconstruction program. He was tainted by contact with a Republican President. Whatever discontent there was with his leadership has been ended by President Roosevelt's making him the regular channel of communication with his party in the Senate.

Robinson has his social appeal. When the Senate is not too busy he loves to hunt the wild duck. His duck luncheons at the Capitol are popular with his colleagues. He is a capital story-teller and a golfer.

Charlie McNary, the Republican leader, is another golfer. His leadership of the Republicans is based as much as anything upon his personal qualities. He is as popular with the Democrats as with his own party.

A curious contact exists between Huey Long and Senator J. W. Bailey of North Carolina, who is conservative and regular. When Long comes into the Senate with a big Bible, the chances are that Bailey, who used to edit a religious newspaper, has shown him where to find the apt passage with which to sanctify his speech.

Golf, bridge, poker, luncheon parties, dinner parties, preserve the amenities of the Senate, and tie it together socially. Cocktails, when the Eighteenth Amendment is gone, will be another social factor. Few members now feel the old compulsion to be dry. The late John Sharp Williams was asked in the days when prohibition was a new and somewhat fearful thing if he ever offered anyone a drink. He said, "I set the bottle out and just p'int at it." It is no longer necessary to "p'int at it."

It will therefore take a time when passions run high before anyone will put the amenities of the Senate so far behind him that he will rise to move the previous question, knowing that a majority will vote to overrule the chair and stop the agreeable practice of allowing a member to talk as long as he likes.

Trouble on the Left

But the Senate is changing. It has done unpredictable things in the extra session, voting away some of its most jealously guarded prerogatives. Senator McAdoo moves about in it, tall, handsome and distinguished-looking, smiling upon and shaking hands with the new members. He makes no speeches but is busy establishing personal contacts. Forceful and ambitious, he may have a bloc of his own, just as Huey Long may have a Southern bloc.

Jim Reed is probably coming back to the Senate—hardly to support Mr. Roosevelt. The Progressive Republicans seem doomed. Their farmer followers will be receiving bounties from a Democratic administration. If they try for nomination as Democrats, the Democrats won't want them. And the Republican party in their states will be made up chiefly of the element that has always fought them.

President Roosevelt is trying to peg traditional American individualism a little to the left of where Mr. Hoover tried vainly to peg it. A conservative liberal, he is open to attack either from the conservative side or from the radical side. Sharp issues are certain to arise over the measure of social control that he is introducing into American economic life. Those sharp issues will destroy the amenity of the Senate.

I am writing the swan song of the old Senate. It has declined in personnel. It has voted away to the Executive much of its authority. It has frittered away its opportunities in talk of which the country has long been wearied.

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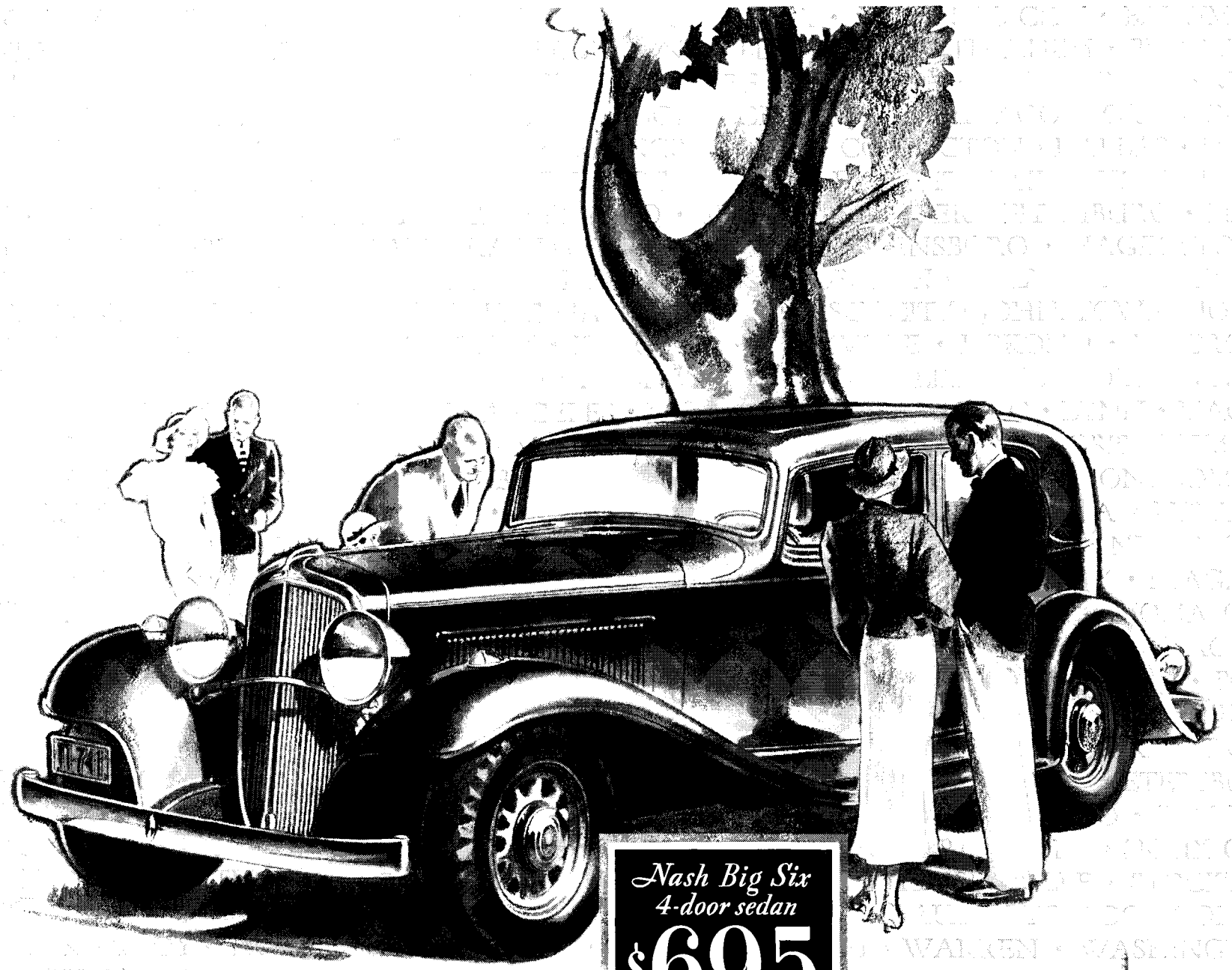

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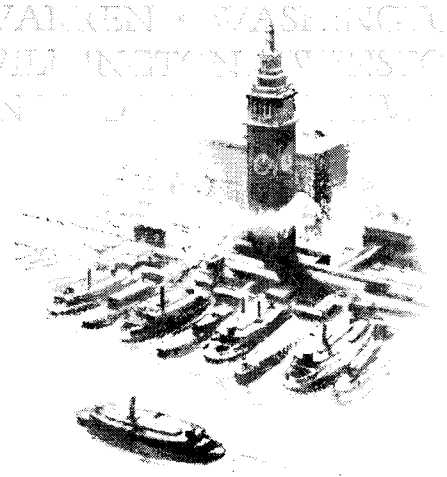

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The Roads aren't Safe

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Natalie Shipman

PEGGY ALLEN tugged at the wheel of the clumsy old sedan, twisting it out of the ruts and into the bushes at the roadside. She drove over these seven miles of country road three times a week on her way to the village for mail and camp supplies and hardly ever met a car. And this thing was not a car—it was a colossal truck. It was plowing steadily toward her regardless of the fact that there was no chance of getting by.

Peggy stuck her head out the window and addressed the driver. "Will you please tell me—" she began, then stopped, her mouth open. The young man had pulled up, climbed down from his cab, and was approaching her, hastily shoving an automatic into his overalls pocket.

"What were you saying, Peggy?" he inquired innocently.

"I won't say it, seeing it's you. Phil, what on earth are you doing up here?"

"Working," he said with an engaging grin. "Working, just the way you told me to."

Peggy had known Phil Chase for two or three years, and saw a good deal of him in the winter. They liked each other in a pleasant, easy, unromantic way, though they disagreed as easily about some things—notably Phil's unwillingness to look for a job when the exporting company for which he worked folded up. Peggy had pictured him idling the summer away on the South Shore, and here he was, looking very energetic in blue overalls, driving a truck over the worst road in Vermont.

"What's in it?" she asked, indicating the monster. "The best Canadian Club—and all for me?"

He glanced around anxiously. "Never mind. You know, Peg, I'd forgotten you lived around here."

"Why, I flattered myself you were on your way to see me. Weren't you?"

"I'll come if you've got a shed I could run the truck into for a few hours. I want to stop over until dark."

She considered, then shook her head. "Afraid I can't do it, old dear. Father's up here, and you know how he feels about aiding and abetting a felony. No—but there's a house with a Tourists Accommodated sign on it out on the state road, and a barn big enough to hold your bus."

"And not too small to hold a gun mob, either? No thanks, Peg. What I want is sleep—I drove all last night."

"IT'S a shame, Phil. Are you so broke that you have to take up bootlegging?"

"It looks that way, doesn't it? I'll tell you more about it sometime." His tone changed: "Well, it's grand seeing you, Peg, but I've got to get away. I winged a couple of hijackers up the road, and the rest of their gang ought to be along in a minute or two."

She stared. "*You killed two men?*"

"They seemed to think I was poaching on their territory, and put a bullet through my windshield, so I let 'em have it. I don't think they're dead, but—"

"Phil—" she began breathlessly—"you—but you mustn't waste time. Back up into that opening, and let me get by, then I'll turn around and trail you to camp. We can hide you—"

"No, I don't think you'd better get mixed up in this. Your father—"

"We won't tell him. Hurry!"

He glanced around again, then started the truck and backed it slowly into a cart road. Peggy was turning to get into her sedan when an open touring car dashed around the bend and pulled up sharply. Four men jumped out.

"Hands up!" Four guns were leveled at them. "Stand over there, sister. Climb down, you—"

Phil got down from the cab, his hands above his head, and Peggy stood still, her head spinning. She heard the men talking to Phil, she saw their guns, and she was utterly paralyzed. This kind of thing didn't happen—at least not to her—and Phil Chase, of all people!

"Well, buddy," said one of the men, "come along."

"Where?" Phil asked.

"You're going for a ride with us—a nice short one."

"Can I kiss my girl goodby first?"

"Oke. But don't try anything funny."

He went over to Peggy and put his arms around her. "So long," he said soberly. "I'll—well, maybe I won't be seeing you."

"Phil!" She gazed at him in terror. This was real—too horribly real.

"Don't worry, Peg—they won't hurt you. You'll be all right."

"But you—"

For answer he kissed her. It was a very long kiss.

One of the men growled: "Make it fast, kid."

"Just one more," said Phil, and bent to her lips again.

But that kiss was cut short by the shrill, unmistakable sound of a police whistle. She whirled to see the stabbing flashes of guns from the bushes behind the men. The bullets went high—the men fell back and scattered. When she could see clearly, the limp body of one was being picked up—but he wasn't dead, he was moving—and the three others were disarmed and handcuffed.

"That was a nice job, Mr. Chase," said one of the men who had leaped from the bushes. "It worked out O. K., didn't it?"

"How are the two up the road?" Phil asked.

"All right. You plugged them through the chest. But some of us had to wait for the doctor, so we were a little late getting down here. I hope it didn't upset your plans."

"No," said Phil. "It might have, but Miss Allen and I—er—managed to stall for time."

THE policeman grinned. "Well, we'd better get along down to the sheriff's. If the young lady could come too—we'll need her statement."

"Of course," said Peggy. Her voice sounded queer—she was still deaf from the shots. "You drive, will you, Phil?" As they all piled into the sedan she added: "But first, tell me what's in that truck?"

"Furs. Good buying, now the prices are down. But furs or liquor, it's all the same to these boys. Well, it was a lot of fun—for me, anyway. I'm sorry I let you in for it, Peg."

"I'm not," she said—and found herself blushing.

"Aren't you? Then—" he spoke casually, for the men in the back seat were listening—"after we hand over our friends, do you suppose I could come back with you and stay for a day or two?"

Peggy met his eyes in the mirror and smiled. "Tourists accommodated," she said, "and special attention paid to truck drivers."

"So long," he said soberly. "I'll—well, maybe I won't be seeing you"

Illustrated by Elmore Brown

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"WHAT? BUY 4 REFRIGERATORS?"

"Yes . . a Kelvinator . . it's really 4 Refrigerators in 1"

THAT is one of the nice things about buying a DeLuxe Model Kelvinator—you get *complete refrigeration*—4 refrigerators in the one cabinet—four separate and distinct temperatures—each serving a different purpose—each necessary for complete refrigeration—and each *fully automatic*. There are no dials to set—nothing to remember or forget—no danger of freezing the contents of the food compartment.

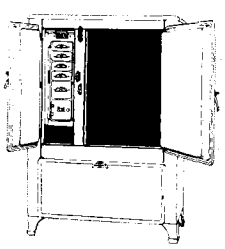
With all respect to other fine electric refrigerators, Kelvinator *alone* combines four distinct refrigeration services in one cabinet. And Kelvinator alone is fully automatic.

The chart below shows the location of these four temperatures and explains the refrigeration service each performs. Study it carefully and you will realize how necessary each is if you are to get *all* of the conveniences, advantages and economies electric refrigeration offers.

Being a lifetime investment, it is good business to buy *the best* when you invest in your electric refrigerator. And a Kelvinator actually costs no more than other good electric refrigerators, none of which can give you the same *complete refrigeration* you get from a Kelvinator. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *14253 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.*

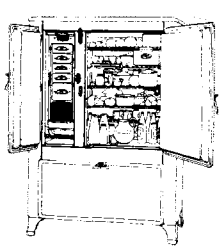
Kelvinator

Look for the Kelvinator Dealer in the Classified Section of your Telephone Book under "Refrigeration—Electric."



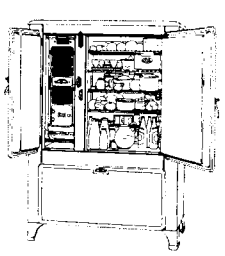
Food Preservation Temperature

In the food compartment, the temperature is always below 50 degrees and is not affected by the other 3 temperatures. No dials to set.



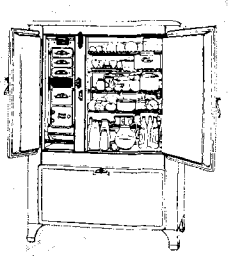
Below Freezing Temperature

The Frost Chest has an automatically maintained below freezing temperature. Here fish, meat or game can be kept indefinitely. No dials to set.



Fast Freezing Temperature

In the ice cube trays, large quantities of ice cubes can be frozen much faster than in ordinary refrigerators. No dials to set.



World's Fastest Freezing Speed

In the Iso-Thermic tray, water to ice in about 80 minutes — hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds. No dials to set.

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It comes up Mud

Continued from page 9

Beulah Beauregard herself thinks up out of her own head when she goes to New York to display her shape.

Furthermore, when they go to the house it comes out that Miss Beulah Beauregard's papa is a tall, skinny old guy with a goatee, who can lie faster than Little Alfie claims Last Hope can run. But it seems that the old skeezicks takes quite an interest in Last Hope when Little Alfie begins telling him what a great horse this horse is, especially in the mud, and how he is going to win the Kentucky Derby.

In fact, Miss Beulah Beauregard's papa seems to believe everything Little Alfie tells him, and as he is the first guy Little Alfie ever meets up with who believes anything he tells about anything whatever, it is a privilege and a pleasure for Little Alfie to talk to him. Miss Beulah Beauregard also has a mamma who turns out to be very fat, and full of Southern hospitality, and quite handy with a skillet.

Then there is a grown brother by the name of Jeff, who is practically a genius, as he knows how to disguise skimmin's so it makes a person only a little sick when they drink it, this skimmin's being a drink which is made from skimmings that come to the top on boiling sugar cane, and generally it tastes like gasoline, and is very fatal indeed.

NOW, the consequences are Little Alfie finds this place very pleasant, and he decides to spend a few weeks there, paying for his keep with the services of Governor Hicks as a plow horse, especially as he is now practically engaged to Miss Beulah Beauregard all over again and she will not listen to him leaving without her. But they have no money for her railroad fare, and Little Alfie becomes very indignant when she suggests she can ride Last Hope on north while he is riding Governor Hicks, and wishes to know if she thinks a Derby candidate can be used for a truck horse.

Well, this almost causes Miss Beulah Beauregard to start breaking the engagement all over again, as she figures it is a dirty crack about her heft, but her papa steps in and says they must remain until Governor Hicks gets through with the plowing anyway, or he will know the reason why. So Little Alfie stays, and he puts in all his spare time training Last Hope and wondering who he can write to for enough dough to send Miss Beulah Beauregard north when the time comes.

He trains Last Hope by walking him and galloping him along the country roads in person, and taking care of him as if he is a baby, and what with this work, and the jog up from Miami, Last Hope fills out very strong and hearty, and anybody must admit that he is not a bad-looking beetle, though maybe a little more leggy than some like to see.

Now, it comes a Sunday, and all day long there is a very large storm with rain and wind that takes to knocking over big trees, and one thing and another, and no one is able to go outdoors much. So late in the evening Little Alfie and Miss Beulah Beauregard and all the Bensons are gathered about the stove in the kitchen drinking skimmin's, and Little Alfie is telling them all over again about how Last Hope will win the Kentucky Derby, especially if it comes up mud, when they hear a hammering at the door.

When the door is opened, who comes in but Mr. Paul D. Veere, sopping wet from head to foot, including his little mustache, and limping so he can scarcely walk, and naturally his appearance nonplusses Miss Beulah Beauregard and Little Alfie quite some, and especially Little Alfie, who can never forget that Mr. Paul D. Veere is largely responsible for the saddle galls he gets riding up from Miami.

In fact, several times since he stops at Miss Beulah Beauregard's ancestral home, Little Alfie thinks of Mr. Paul D. Veere, and every time he thinks of him he is in favor of going over to Mr. Paul D. Veere's shooting lodge on the Altamaha and speaking to him severely.

But Miss Beulah Beauregard always stops him, stating that the proud old Southern families in this vicinity are somewhat partial to the bankers and other rich guys from the North who have shooting lodges around and about in the piney woods, and especially on the Altamaha, because these guys furnish a market to the local citizens for hunting guides, and corn liquor, and one thing and another.

Miss Beulah Beauregard says if a guest of the Bensons speaks to Mr. Paul D. Veere severely, it may be held against the family, and it seems that the Benson family cannot stand any more beefs against it just at this particular time. So Little Alfie never goes, and here all of a sudden is Mr. Paul D. Veere right in his lap.

"Yes, Japanese beetles!" *Joe Easley*

NATURALLY, Little Alfie steps forward and starts winding up a large right hand with the idea of parking it on Mr. Paul D. Veere's chin, but Mr. Paul D. Veere seems to see that there is hostility afoot, and he backs up against the wall, and raises his hand, and speaks as follows:

"Folks," Mr. Paul D. Veere says, "I just got into a ditch in my automobile half a mile up the road. My car is a wreck," he says, "and my right leg seems so badly hurt I am just barely able to drag myself here. Now, folks," he says, "it is almost a matter of life or death with me to get to the station at Tillinghast in time to flag the Orange Blossom Special. It is the last train tonight to Jacksonville, and I must be in Jacksonville before midnight so I can hire an airplane and get to New York by the time my bank opens at ten o'clock in the morning. It is about ten hours by plane from Jacksonville to New York," Mr. Paul D. Veere says, "so if I can catch the Orange Blossom, I will be able to just about make it!"

Then he goes on speaking in a low voice and states that he receives a telephone message from New York an hour or so before at his lodge telling him he must hurry home, and right away afterwards, while he is trying to telephone the station at Tillinghast to make sure they will hold the Orange Blossom until he gets there, no matter what, all the telephone and telegraph wires around and about go down in the storm.

SO HE starts for the station in his car, and just as it looks as if he may make it, his car runs smack-dab into a ditch and Mr. Paul D. Veere's leg is hurt so there is no chance he can walk the rest of the way to the station, and there Mr. Paul D. Veere is.

"It is a very desperate case, folks," Mr. Paul D. Veere says. "Let me take your automobile, and I will reward you liberally."

Well, at this Miss Beulah Beauregard's papa looks at a clock on the kitchen wall and states as follows:

"We do not keep an automobile, neighbor," he says, "and anyway," he says, "it is quite a piece from here to Tillinghast and the Orange Blossom is due in ten minutes, so I do not see how you can possibly make it. Rest your hat, neighbor," Miss Beulah Beauregard's papa says, "and have some skimmin's, and take things easy, and I will look at your leg and see how bad you are bunged up."

Well, Mr. Paul D. Veere seems to turn as pale as a pillow as he hears this about the time, and then he says:

"Lend me a horse and buggy," he says. "I must be in New York in person in the morning. No one else will do but me," he says and as he speaks these words he looks at Miss Beulah Beauregard, and then at Little Alfie as if he is speaking to them personally, although up to this time he does not look at either of them after he comes into the kitchen.

"Why, neighbor," Miss Beulah Beauregard's papa says, "we do not keep a buggy, and even if we do keep a buggy we do not have have time to hitch up anything to a buggy. Neighbor," he says, "you are certainly on a bust if you think you can catch the Orange Blossom now."

"Well, then," Mr. Paul D. Veere says, very sorrowful, "I will have to go to jail."

Then he flops himself down in a chair and covers his face with his hands, and he is a spectacle such as is bound to touch almost any heart, and when she sees him in this state, Miss Beulah Beauregard begins crying because she hates to see anybody as sorrowed up as Mr. Paul D. Veere, and between sobs she asks Little Alfie to think of something to do about the situation.

"Let Mr. Paul D. Veere ride Governor Hicks to the station," Miss Beulah Beauregard says. "After all," she says, "I cannot forget his courtesy in sending me halfway here in his car from his shooting lodge after I pop him with the pot of cold cream, instead of making me walk as those Yale guys do the time they redlight me."

"Why," Little Alfie says, "it is a mile and a quarter from the gate out here to the station. I know," he says, "because I get a guy in an automobile to clock it on his meter one day last week, figuring to give Last Hope a work-out over the full Derby route pretty soon. The road must be fetlock deep in mud at this time, and," Little Alfie says, "Governor Hicks cannot as much as stand up in the mud. The only horse in the world that can run fast enough through this mud to make the Orange Blossom is Last Hope, but," Little Alfie says, "of course I'm not letting anybody ride a horse as valuable as Last Hope to catch trains."

WELL, at this Mr. Paul D. Veere lifts his head and looks at Little Alfie with great interest and speaks as follows:

"How much is this valuable horse worth?" Mr. Paul D. Veere says.

"Why," Little Alfie says, "he is worth anyway fifty G's to me, because," he says, "this is the sum Colonel Winn is giving to the winner of the Kentucky Derby, and there is no doubt whatever that Last Hope will be this winner, especially," Little Alfie says, "if it comes up mud."

"I do not carry any such large sum of money as you mention on my person," Mr. Paul D. Veere says, "but," he says, "if you are willing to trust me, I will give you my I O U for same, just to let me ride your horse to the station. I am once the best amateur steeplechase rider in the Hunts Club," Mr. Paul D. Veere says, "and if your horse can run at all there is still a chance for me to keep out of jail."

Well, the chances are Little Alfie will by no means consider extending a line of credit for fifty G's to Mr. Paul D. Veere or any other banker, and especially a banker who is once an amateur steeplechase jock, because if there is one thing Little Alfie does not trust it is an amateur steeplechase jock, and furthermore Little Alfie is somewhat offended because Mr. Paul D. Veere seems to think he is running a livery stable.

But Miss Beulah Beauregard is now crying so loud nobody can scarcely hear themselves think, and Little Alfie gets to figuring what she may say to him if he does not rent Last Hope to Mr. Paul D. Veere at this time and it comes

(Continued on page 30*)*

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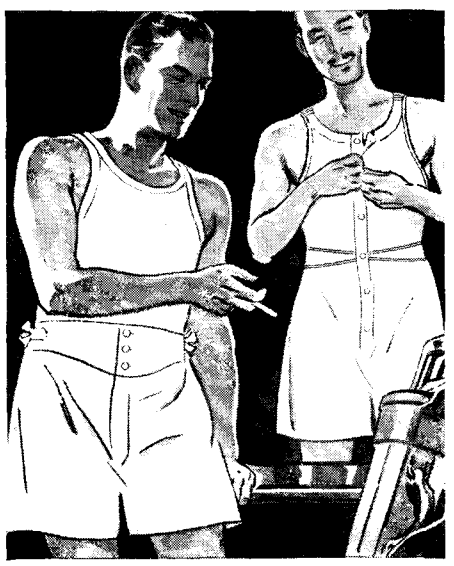

B.V.D. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

UNDERWEAR
PAJAMAS
SWIM SUITS

the new "COMBONAIR" SHIRT

It comes up Mud

Continued from page 28

out later that Last Hope does not happen to win the Kentucky Derby after all. So he finally says all right, and Mr. Paul D. Veere at once outs with a little gold pencil and a notebook, and scribbles off a marker for fifty G's to Little Alfie.

And the next thing anybody knows, Little Alfie is leading Last Hope out of the barn and up to the gate with nothing on him but a bridle as Little Alfie does not wish to waste time saddling, and as he is boosting Mr. Paul D. Veere onto Last Hope Little Alfie speaks as follows:

"You have three minutes left," Little Alfie says. "It is almost a straight course, except for a long turn going into the last quarter. Let this fellow run," he says. "You will find plenty of mud all the way, but," Little Alfie says, "this is a mud-running fool. In fact," Little Alfie says, "you are pretty lucky it comes up mud."

Then he gives Last Hope a smack on the hip and away goes Last Hope lickity-split through the mud and anybody can see from the way Mr. Paul D. Veere is sitting on him that Mr. Paul D. Veere knows what time it is when it comes to riding. In fact, Little Alfie himself says he never sees a better seat anywhere in his life, especially for a guy who is riding bareback.

Well, Little Alfie watches them go down the road in a gob of mud, and it will always be one of the large regrets of Little Alfie's life that he leaves his split-second super in hock in Miami, because he says he is sure Last Hope runs the first quarter through the mud faster than any quarter is ever run before in this world. But of course Little Alfie is more excited than somewhat at this moment, and the chances are he exaggerates Last Hope's speed.

However, there is no doubt that Last Hope goes over the road very rapidly, indeed, as a colored party who is out squirrel hunting comes along a few minutes afterwards and tells Little Alfie that something goes past him on the road so fast he cannot tell exactly what it is, but he states that he is pretty sure it is old Henry Devil himself, because he smells smoke as it passes him, and hears a voice yelling hi-yah. But of course the chances are this voice is nothing but the voice of Mr. Paul D. Veere yelling words of encouragement to Last Hope.

IT IS not until the station master at Tillinghast, a guy by the name of Asbury Potts, drives over to Miss Beulah Beauregard's ancestral home an hour later that Little Alfie hears that as Last Hope pulls up at the station and Mr. Paul D. Veere dismounts with so much mud on him that nobody can tell if he is in a plaster cast or what, the horse is gimping as bad as Mr. Paul D. Veere himself, and Asbury Potts says there is no doubt Last Hope bows a tendon, or some such, and that if they are able to get him to the races again he will eat his old wool hat.

"But, personally," Asbury Potts says as he mentions this sad news, "I do not see what Mr. Paul D. Veere's hurry is, at that, to be pushing a horse so hard. He had fifty-seven seconds left by my watch when the Orange Blossom pulls in right on time to the dot," Asbury Potts says.

Well, at this Little Alfie sits down and starts figuring, and finally he figures that Last Hope runs the mile and a quarter in around 2.03 in the mud, with maybe 160 pounds up, for Mr. Paul D. Veere is no feather duster, and no horse ever runs a mile and a quarter in the mud in the Kentucky Derby as fast as this, or anywhere else as far as anybody knows, so Little Alfie claims that this is practically flying.

But of course few citizens ever accept Little Alfie's figures as strictly official, because they do not know if Asbury Potts' watch is properly regulated for timing race horses, even though Asbury Potts is one hundred per cent right when he says they will never be able to get Last Hope to the races again.

WELL, I meet up with Little Alfie one night this summer in Mindy's restaurant on Broadway, and it is the first time he is observed in these parts in some time, and he seems to be looking very prosperous, indeed, and after we get to cutting up old touches, he tells me the reason for this prosperity.

It seems that after Mr. Paul D. Veere returns to New York and puts back in his bank whatever it is that it is advisable for him to put back, or takes out whatever it is that seems best to take out, and gets himself all rounded up so there is no chance of his going to jail, he remembers that there is a slight difference between him and Little Alfie, so what does Mr. Paul D. Veere do but sit down and write out a check for fifty G's to Little Alfie to take up his I O U, so Little Alfie is nothing out on account of losing the Kentucky Derby, and, in fact, he is stone rich, and I am glad to hear of it, because I always sympathize deeply with him in his bereavement over the loss of Last Hope. Then I ask Little Alfie what he is doing in New York at this time, and he states to me as follows:

"Well," Little Alfie says, "I will tell you. The other day," he says, "I get to thinking things over, and among other things I get to thinking that after Last Hope wins the Kentucky Derby, he is a sure thing to go on and also win the Maryland Preakness, because," Little Alfie says, "the Preakness is a sixteenth of a mile shorter than the Derby, and a horse that can run a mile and a quarter in the mud in around 2.03 with a brick house on his back is bound to make anything that wears hair look silly at a mile and three sixteenths, especially," Little Alfie says, "if it comes up mud.

"So," Little Alfie says, "I am going to call on Mr. Paul D. Veere and see if he does not wish to pay me the Preakness stake, too, because," he says, "I am building the finest house in South Georgia at Last Hope, which is my stock farm where Last Hope himself is on public exhibition, and I can always use a few bobs here and there."

"WELL, Alfie," I says, "this seems to me to be a very fair proposition, indeed, and," I says, "I am sure Mr. Paul D. Veere will take care of it as soon as it is called to his attention, as there is no doubt you and Last Hope are of great service to Mr. Paul D. Veere. By the way, Alfie," I say, "what ever becomes of Governor Hicks?"

"Why," Little Alfie says, "do you know Governor Hicks turns out to be a terrible disappointment to me as a plow horse? He learns how to sit down from Abimelech, the mule, and nothing will make him stir, not even the same encouragement I give him the day he drops down there third at Hialeah.

"But," Little Alfie says, "my ever-loving wife is figuring on using the old Governor as a saddle horse for our twins, Beulah and Little Alfie, Junior, when they get old enough, although," he says, "I tell her the Governor will never be worth a dime in such a way, especially," Little Alfie says, "if it comes up mud."

"But I *do* love you!" *William Steig*

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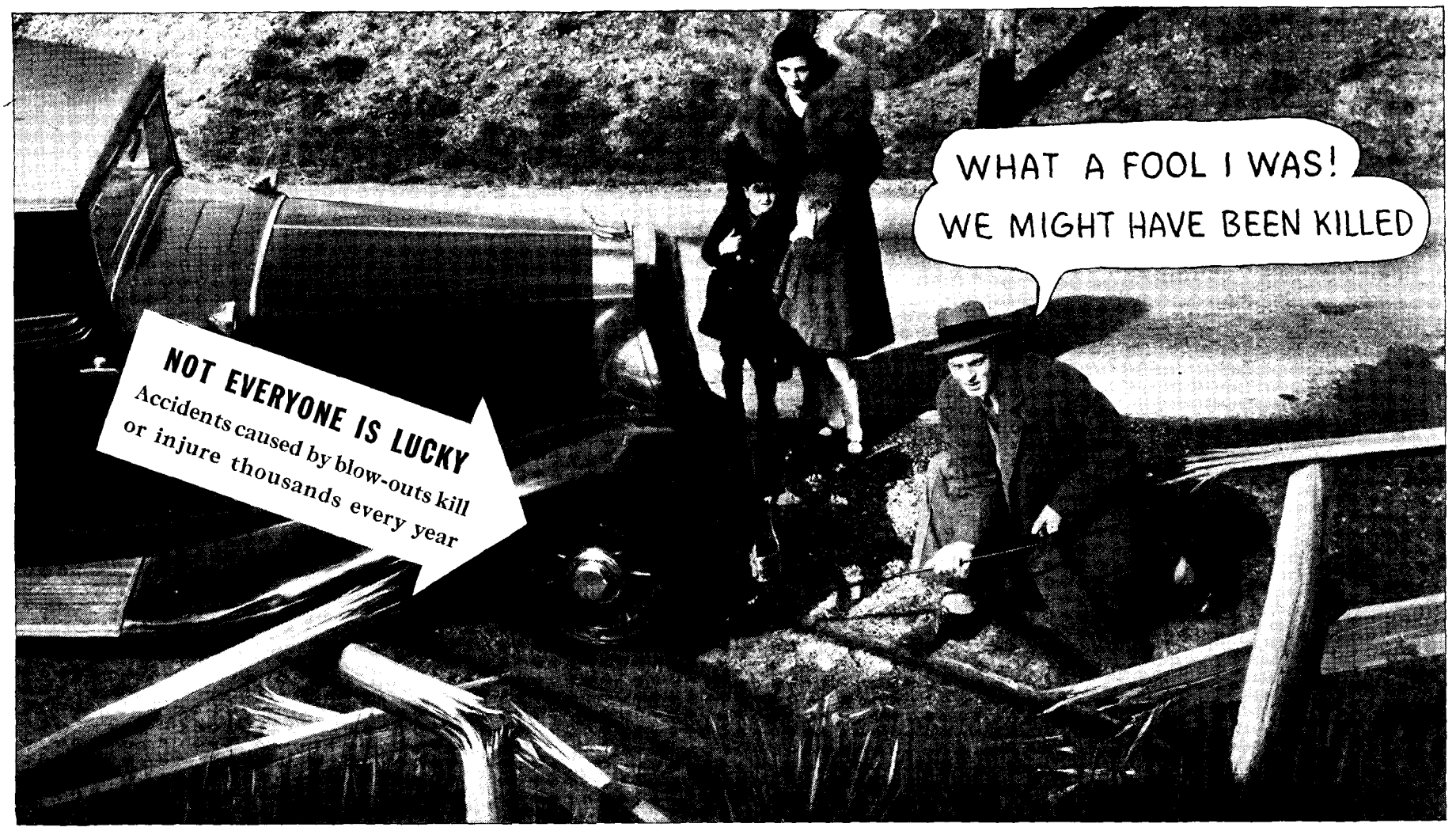
WHAT A FOOL I WAS!
WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED
NOT EVERYONE IS LUCKY
Accidents caused by blow-outs kill or injure thousands every year

Why risk your life when blow-out protection is *free?*

Tests prove this new tire is 3 times safer at high speeds

YOU may be a careful driver. You may never go faster than 40. But that doesn't mean that you can't have a blow-out . . . or that you're safe from the awful results.

Investigations show that the chances are better than even that you *will* have a blow-out some day. *When,* nobody knows. Perhaps when you least expect it. Then why take chances—when you can have this blow-out protection *free?*

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Today's high speeds—40, 50, 60 and 70—generate terrific heat *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric separate. A blister forms . . . and GROWS. Then suddenly it happens . . . BANG! A blow-out. And a terrible drag pulls your car off the road.

But now Goodrich has perfected the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This invention resists intense heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form. Blow-outs are prevented by eliminating their real *cause.*

At gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire lasted *3 times* as long as first quality tires that did not have this feature. These Silvertowns *never* blew. They were run till the tread was gone—but the Life-Saver Golden Ply refused to give.

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The tread, too, is safer from skidding. Its squeegee drying action gives your car extra road-grip . . . reduces danger of skidding to a minimum.

Remember, Goodrich Safety Silvertowns cost no more than other standard tires. Look up your Goodrich dealer's name under "Tires" in your classified telephone directory.

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Keep this up. Your teeth will be noticeably brighter and cleaner after a few days. Soon your gums will be fit and firm and "pink tooth brush" will be gone!

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The Good Model

Continued from page 17

acutely aware of a young man who remained completely unaware of her. There was a lump in her throat; she was homesick and frightened and desperately lonely. She paid for her coffee; she couldn't sit here all day, watching a stranger read his mail! She'd better be on her way somewhere. . . .

She walked aimlessly up the rue de la Paix, looking with disinterested eyes into jewelers' windows. The Louvre, pale gray and melancholy, faced the gay green Tuileries Gardens, and she turned and went into the museum. She forgot her loneliness for the whole afternoon, moving, thrilled and enchanted, from one room to another, but eventually hunger reminded her that life was both real and earnest, a thing apart from art, and that she could not put off facing facts indefinitely.

She might as well eat while she could still pay for food, she thought grimly, and back in her own quarter she selected a small café. The room was smoky and crowded, and she scarcely looked up from her plate. She finished her dinner and reached for her pocketbook; her face went quite white as she opened it. The red leather bill-fold was gone. Somehow, somewhere, she had lost it. . . .

SOMEONE slid into the other chair at her table; Mary lifted desperate eyes.

"If it's just not havin' any money, it isn't as bad as all that, you know!" drawled the girl who sat facing her. She was smiling, a shabby girl without a hat, a girl with steady eyes, as blue as a Maine fisherman's.

"Oh!" said Mary. To her astonishment, she felt tears roll from her eyes and drop from her chin to the tablecloth.

"Hey, quit that!" said the girl.

Mary managed a wabbly smile. "It's just that you're the first p-person who's s-spoken to me," she explained.

"You were lookin' kind of desp'rate," the girl said. "I was watchin' you." She reached across the table and took Mary's check. "What you doin' in Paris?"

They were still talking when the waiters began piling the chairs upon the tables.

"We might mooch over to the Dome, an' I'll buy you a bock," the girl suggested, and chuckled. "Me playin' Lady Bountiful is downright humorous!" she explained. "I'm enjoyin' it!"

Her name was Stella Noble and she came from Texas. "Just another painter in a world full of pictures," she told Mary. "Me an' an English girl have a studio together. Dora's in Brittany now, so you better move in till you get your job." She chattered on, companionably, asking an occasional question. "What!" she exclaimed suddenly. "You got a typewriter an' you say you're broke? Woman, nobody's broke who's got anything to pawn! Didn't you never hear of the Mont-de-Piété?"

They could pawn the typewriter for enough to pay Mary's hotel bill, Stella was certain. Then Mary could move her things over to the studio, and wait for Mrs. Charlotte Carpenter. Stella, like all the other Americans, was not optimistic about the chances of Mary's finding a job.

In the morning she called at the Select, and took Mary to the municipal pawnshop, where the Texas girl knew her way about all too well. Her studio was one of a row of single-storied frame buildings in an alley off the rue Froidevaux. One small room!

"It's an awful dump," Stella admitted, cheerfully, "but maybe they'll put a bronze tablet on the door, some day: 'Here lived an' worked Stella Noble an' Dora Hodges'—an' tourists'll stand outside an' gape. Maybe!" She sat down, grinning at Mary. "We'll have to figure kind of close. My sister sends me twenty dollars the first of every month, an' that's all I can count on, for sure. Once in a while I sell a picture." From a table drawer, she brought out a thin envelope of French money. She counted it, carefully. "It won't be enough to last," she said, unemotionally.

Mary flushed. "Stella, I can't move in on you, like this! It isn't fair! It—"

"Don't be dumb," Stella advised her. "You'd help me, wouldn't you? Sure you would! Now I gotta go to a class."

Left alone, a sense of helplessness assailed Mary. What could she do? She decided to make the rounds once more, back to the Select and across the river to the Grande Palace and the American Express to make sure that there had been no word.

At the Select, Madame gave an exclamation of excitement when she saw Mary. What a pity—how unfortunate that she could not have arrived ten minutes before! The young man had been

(Continued on page 34)

"Look, Tobias! He smells my Amour de l'Afrique!" *Jay Irving*

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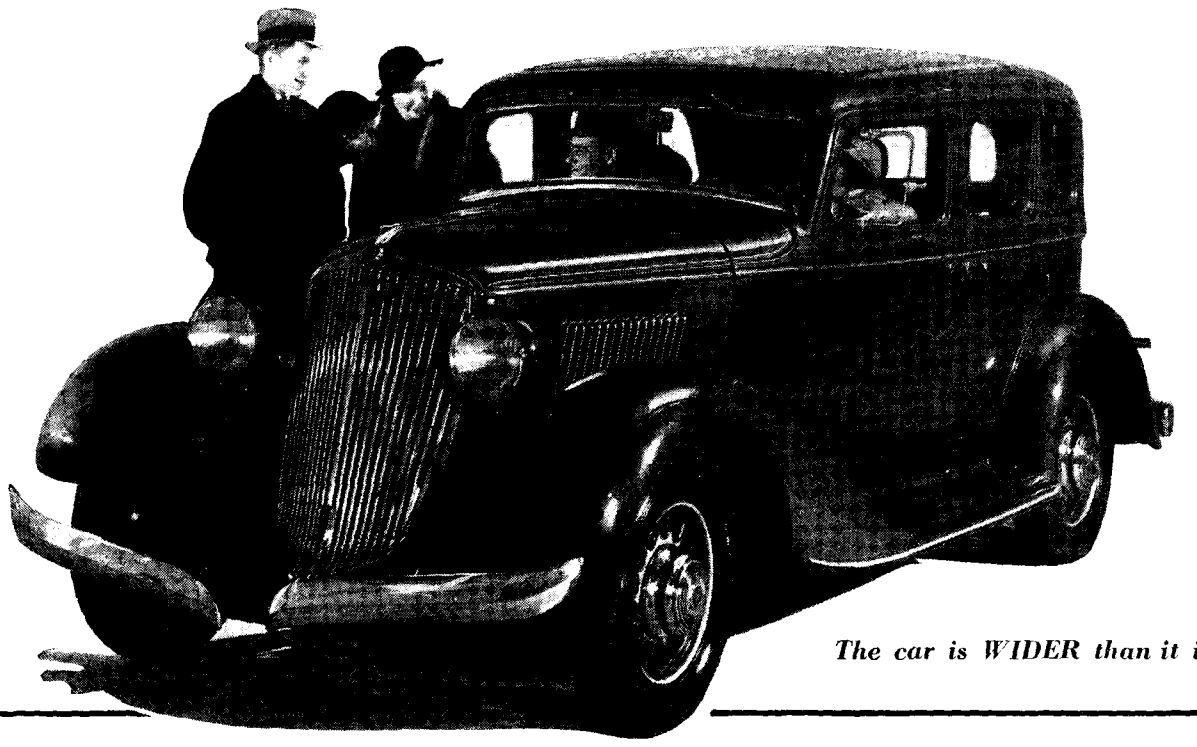
SAFEST CAR EVER BUILT



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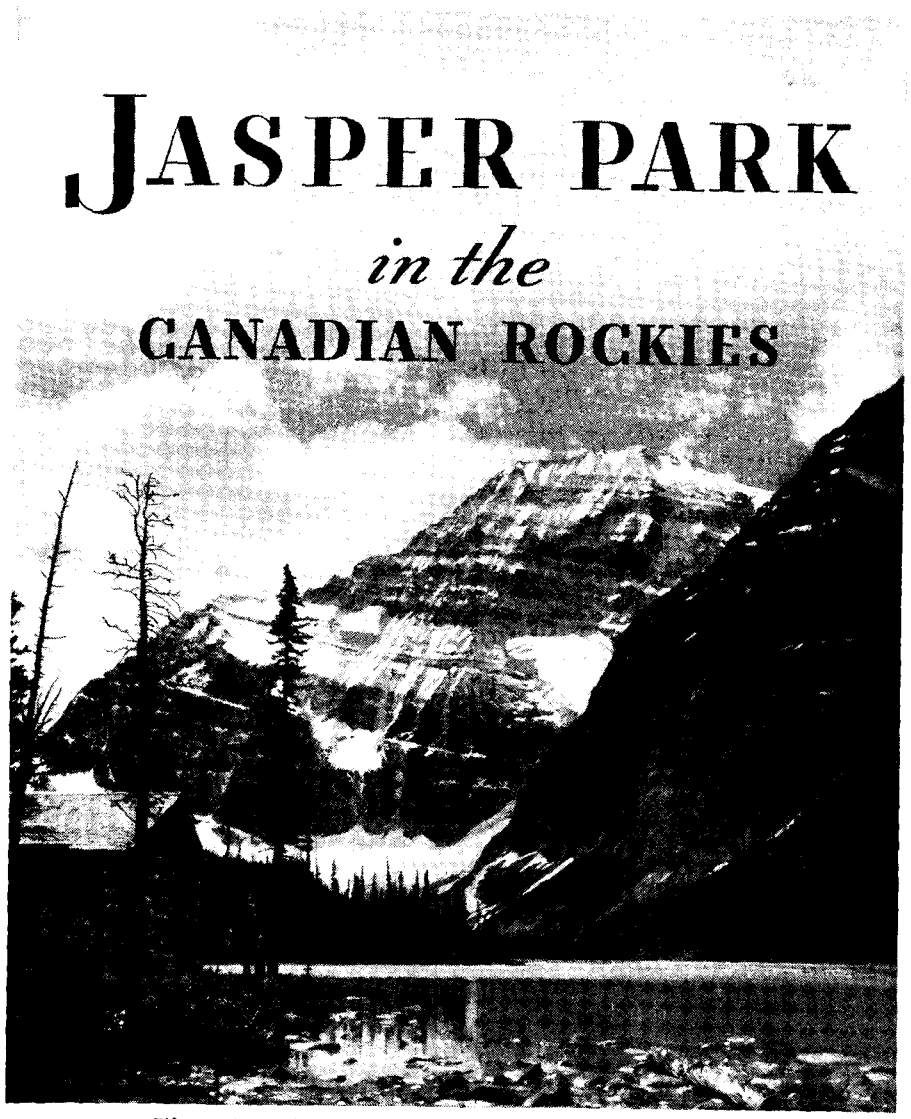
THE VACATION YOU'VE DREAMED OF COSTS LESS THAN EVER THIS YEAR IF YOU SPEND IT IN CANADA

JASPER PARK *in the* CANADIAN ROCKIES



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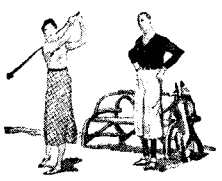

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so anxious to see Mademoiselle—and she had neglected to leave her forwarding address. It had appeared a matter of profound importance.

Mary's head was whirling. He had left no name?

Alas, no, though Madame had suggested it. Perhaps he desired to surprise Mademoiselle? He was so handsome, so chic, the eyes so blue. . . .

It was, Stella Noble agreed, tantalizing. But it was also encouraging. At least someone wanted to see her about something! Mary did not confide that her thoughts persistently circled back to the red-headed young man. Wild horses could not have torn from her the admission of how often her thoughts returned to him. Bill, his friend in the café had called him and, more strongly than she had ever felt anything she felt that Bill was in some way connected with her future.

IT MUST be, she thought several days later, her distant future that the red-headed young man was to enter, if any. There was no sight of him now, no sight of any human being with any interest in Mary James. . . .

They had left exactly one faded, blue ten-franc note on the day when Stella came bursting unexpectedly into the studio, less than an hour after she had departed for class.

"Put on your hat an' come on, Mary—you're the wage-earner for this outfit today!"

Mary rose excitedly. "But — but what—"

"The model in the life class fainted," Stella explained briskly. "They carted her off to the hospital. I tore straight up to old Outhier and said I knew a girl of the same type, who lived just around the corner and who needed work. He said to get her quick—an' here we are! Hurry up!"

Mary caught hold of the edge of the table. "But, Stella—"

"Oh, it'll be a cinch," Stella assured her.

"But—" Mary found articulation difficult. "L-life class?" she managed at last. "You m-mean— Everyone looking at me—"

"Nobody's going to look at you!" said Stella, and added in explanation, "A model is just so many lines to be transferred to a piece of paper! It never entered my head that you'd act like this!" She shrugged. "Oh, well—I guess we don't eat, after all!"

Mary ran after her as she turned toward the door. "No, Stella, don't go! I'll *do* it, Stella! I just—at first—"

Stella began to laugh. "O. K.," she said and put her hand on Mary's shoulder. "Why, you idiot, you're trembling!" She looked at Mary curiously. "See here, don't, if you feel like that! We do need the money. But—"

"No, it's all right," Mary insisted.

They did need the money. She must remember that, she kept telling herself, walking in a daze beside Stella across the Cemetery of Montparnasse. No money, no food. And it wasn't fair to Stella, who had shared with her.

"In here," said Stella, and they went through a courtyard toward a two-story stucco building in the rear. Up a flight of outside stairs and into a huge, bright room that was a forest of stools and easels.

"I feel like the Emperor Jones!" Mary whispered, a little hysterically.

Stella grinned and patted her arm. "Here's M. Outhier."

Paradoxically, Mary realized, what Stella had said was true. *Nobody's going to look at you!* M. Outhier glanced at her as he would have glanced at any inanimate object necessary for the continuation of the lesson. *"Vite!"* he said.

"You can put your things on this chair, Mary," said Stella. "How about some filet mignon after the soup?"

Mary managed to smile.

For the first few poses, she stood like a statue, frozen, inanimate, with a statue's blind eyes, scarcely thinking. Then, gradually, the glaze melted from her vision, and the faces of the close-packed crescent of students began to take form.

It was as though she had been holding her breath; abruptly Mary relaxed. Before the morning was over, she felt as though she had been posing all her life. It was a job, like any other—and when the class manager handed her her pay and asked, "You'll be here promptly at nine, tomorrow?" she murmured, *"Oui, merci, monsieur,"* and walked briskly across the room to join Stella.

They separated after lunch; Stella had an afternoon class, and Mary walked back toward the studio, humming. She turned into the alley, and burst out laughing.

The red-headed young man was sitting on Stella's steps!

"Well!" said Mary. "So it's you, is it?"

He stood up, blinking, and as he looked at her recognition at last lighted his countenance. "So it *was* you!" he exclaimed.

"*What* was me?" she demanded.

"Well, what is me, is it?" he retorted—and suddenly they were laughing, with a hilarity out of all proportion to the occasion. "Are you," he asked, "Miss Mary James?"

"And you're Bill," Mary stated, smiling.

He *was* Bill, but he did not see how she could possibly know that. "Bill what?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Bill what?" she echoed.

"Bill Blakeman. And you're the girl who asked me about hotels in the lobby of the Grande Palace—when I was going in to ask about you!"

"I knew it!" cried Mary with such revealing vehemence that her cheeks grew pink. "And you're the young man, so chic, the eyes so blue, who talked with Madame at the Select!" she added hurriedly.

He nodded. "What I don't see, though, is how you know who I am!"

"I don't," said Mary, laughing. "Who are you?"

He grinned. "Oh, you were right, the first time. I'm just Bill."

"And your business with me—?" asked Mary, her voice very business-like, her shining chestnut eyes most unbusinesslike.

"My only claim to the world of action is that I sometimes run errands for my aunt Charlotte—Mrs. Carpenter."

"Isn't it," asked Mary, "a small world?"

"I *like* it small!" said Bill, so earnestly that they began laughing again.

MARY opened the studio door. "Will you come in?" she asked, and paused. On the floor, staring whitely up at her, was an envelope addressed in the unmistakable hand of the former Mrs. Canby-Maynard, readdressed from the Grande Palace to the Select, and from the Select to the rue Froidevaux. "Oh—honestly!" cried Mary, and was made so helpless by laughter that Bill Blakeman commenced patting her on the back and saying, "Hey! Stop it!" in an alarmed and bewildered voice.

"It's just—" said Mary weakly and began telling him about it.

Bill's face sobered. "But, good Lord, it must have been awful for you! If you hadn't happened to meet this American girl—why, that Mrs. Canby-Maynard ought to have her neck wrung!"

A day before Mary would have warmed to such sympathy; now, a wage-earner in Paris, she tossed her

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head airily. "Oh, I'd have gotten along somehow! Did you ever know anybody who starved to death?"

Admiration glowed in his blue eyes. "Courage being something you haven't got anything else but of," he commented. "Well, here's my story: The day Aunt Charlotte was leaving for Biarritz—but, look here, why don't we continue this conversation out of doors, on a day like this? I'm going to take a long time! Let's go sit in the Bois."

Mr. Bill Blakeman's idea of sitting in the Bois was pastoral in the delicious manner of Marie Antoinette playing milkmaid. They took a taxi to a restaurant that must have been lifted intact from a fairy tale, and sat at a small rustic table and ate wild strawberries served in a basket lined with grape leaves, and drank white wine and listened to the strains of an orchestra just far enough away to continue the general illusion of magic.

HER two hundred francs were gone, but her two straws had been transformed into two life preservers. Mrs. Charlotte Carpenter *was* wild to have her help with the genealogy—("She wants to prove that she's descended from William the Conqueror," her nephew confided, "which is one big joke, as it's a well-known fact that there's no one with a trace of English ancestry who isn't!")—and Mrs. Canby-Maynard had let her know her address, the *while* having transpired. ("I hope you've been all right, my dear; if there is anything you need, letters to people or money . . .")

"Aunt Charlotte won't be back until Friday," Bill was saying. "Can you think of any better way of spending the intervening days than letting me show you Paris?"

Mary shook her head. "Not any!"

"Good. How about Versailles, tomorrow? Let's leave early in the morning—"

Mary remembered. "Oh, I can't! Not until afternoon. I—there's something I have to do." She felt a shiver of apprehension. What would he think, this nice, well-bred young man, if she told him what it was that she had to do? She had promised to be at the school at nine; she couldn't back out now. And besides, if she and Stella were to eat until Friday . . . She couldn't possibly get word of their plight to Mrs. Canby-Maynard and receive a check from her before then.

The class painted the next morning and Mary grew stiff and aching, holding her pose, staring out at a flock of easels, set close together, like a fishing fleet in harbor.

She had told Stella about Bill the evening before, and her speech had run away with her. Seeing him so many times, she explained, as though it were fate. . . . "Why, Mary James, I believe you're in love with the man!" Stella teased her. Mary blushed. "I know you'll think I'm silly, but I don't want him to know that I'm posing. I mean—"

"O. K.," said Stella, and added, "You're a good kid, Mary!"

Bill Blakeman told her that too, but a little differently. Seated on the grass opposite the queen's little Temple d'Amour, that afternoon at Versailles, he called her gallant and brave.

"I like your mind," he said. "You're so honest and fearless. You make me feel like an awful washout!" He took one of her hands, and Mary looked at him, shyly. Stella had said that she was in love with Bill. Could one really fall in love so quickly? Her eyes met his, with a sudden childlike question, and then she looked away, in complete and transparent confusion.

They had almost a week of golden days, April's last week, perfect and unclouded. Stella dined with them once, but stubbornly refused to make a third again, even though Bill urged her as sincerely as did Mary.

"Don't be silly!" she told them. "You know three's a crowd! And, anyway, I want to work—I'm a painter, not a butterfly!"

Bill looked at her, and his expression was strange. Couldn't he, thought Mary, watching him, understand *anyone's* wanting to work? It was the only thing about him that was not perfect. In the taxi—they were going to Montmartre for dinner—she continued to wonder about him. Was he a snob as well as an idler?

"Bill, you like Stella, don't you?"

He nodded. "She's got talent, Mary. I was telling a man I know about her painting yesterday. Don't say anything to her yet, but maybe we'll be able to do something to help her."

Mary's eyes shone. *We!* "You—you're swell, Bill," she said, and Bill Blakeman leaned over and kissed her.

Mary James forgot all about Stella, but she did not look at Bill. She stared at the toes of her silver slippers and thought: If he asked me to marry him, I would, this minute! Or tomorrow morning. Or any time. I'm in love with him!

"Who's this man you told about Stella?" she asked.

"A picture dealer," Bill said.

She considered him curiously. "Do you know many people like that? I mean artists or—well, models?"

He laughed at her. "Artists, my darling, are an unavoidable nuisance, but I can truthfully say that I have no models on my visiting list at present! Satisfied?" He pinched her cheek gently.

Satisfied! She was silenced, at least. He was looking out the cab window, suddenly preoccupied, and she studied his profile anxiously. He was so—aloof, sometimes. She had noticed it most often when he was at Stella's studio. He was not so much disapproving as almost antagonistic, as though there were something deep within him which resented artists and everything concerning them. She shivered. Oh, she must never, never let him know that she had been posing! He wouldn't understand; he would think her shameless, cheap. . . .

SOMETHING had happened to their evening. Bill continued to be preoccupied, almost irritable; he seemed to wrench his attention with an effort from his thoughts back to her. And Mary was frightened. They knew so little about each other, really—and she loved him so much! It was not ten o'clock when she said, "Bill, I'm tired. Would you *mind*—?" He did not even protest. He took her home and, as she watched him from the window, striding away, it seemed to her that he was eager to shake the dust of the quarter from his feet.

All during the morning—the class was still painting—she thought about him. The students worked; the instructor moved from easel to easel, and the minutes dragged past. Soon it would be over; tomorrow Mrs. Carpenter would arrive in Paris. Her money should arrive from Mrs. Canby-Maynard, and even Stella's meagre allowance would complete its long journey from Texas.

Then the outer door of the studio opened and Bill Blakeman stepped inside.

If she had been offered instant death Mary James would have accepted it unhesitatingly. Her eyes gave him one stricken look as he came in with the sunlight bright on his red hair, and then she closed them tight, and held the pose as still and as cold as any of the

(Continued on page 36)

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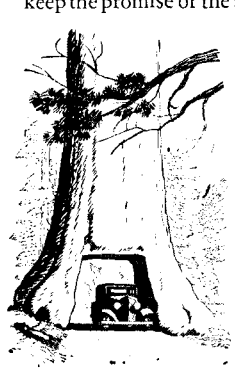

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(Continued from page 35)

sculptured figures in the garden beyond. In the front row, the owl-eyed English student blinked at her in astonishment.

She could not of course hear Bill's voice above the murmur of other voices; she could not again open her eyes and meet his gaze. Standing motionless, frozen, she knew only that this was the end of everything. . . .

M. Outhier was speaking to her: "Mademoiselle!" It was an effort to open her heavy eyes. "Time to rest. Are you ill?" She shook her head. Her eyes, reluctantly dragging their way about the room, saw that Bill was gone. He had probably rushed away forever!

Resting on the edge of the stand with a blanket thrown about her, she thought drearily of the future. Nothing would make her go to Mrs. Carpenter now; it was unthinkable that she should go anywhere where she might meet Bill Blakeman face to face. She did not know what she would do; it did not seem to matter very much. Somehow she would get back to New York. Perhaps Mrs. Canby-Maynard . . .

"Mademoiselle!"

She had forgotten even that she was posing again. The class was over; students were folding up their boxes, putting away their easels. She could go now. The week was ended, the month was ended—and everything else was ended with it. . . .

SHE collected her pay mechanically, looked about for Stella with leaden eyes. Mademoiselle Noble had departed half an hour ago, one of the French students told her. She walked alone across the cemetery and turned down the alley.

It was true that she never wanted to see Bill Blakeman again; but it was also true, she reminded herself bitterly, that that would not be difficult. She must not forget that, as he had told her so stiffly, he had no models on his visiting list! Her eyes were thick with tears as she pushed open the studio door.

"Mary! Why, darling—"

She shrank back as she saw him.

"Sweetheart, what's the matter?" He was beside her in two strides, his arm gathering her close. "What is it, Mary?"

She looked at him incredulously. "Wh-where's Stella?"

"Gone to lunch with Frémont, the dealer I told you about. I brought him over this morning. We picked up Stella at the school and came over here to see her pictures. He's crazy about them—Mary James, what is the matter?"

She shook off his arm and sank down on one of the wooden chairs. "Didn't you see me?" she asked dully.

"When?" asked Bill, bending over her. "Where, Mary?"

"Oh—you're just pretending!" she cried.

"Why, Mary!" His arm was about her again; he was kissing her wet eyes. "Darling, when should I have seen you?" He pulled her to her feet and stood looking at her. "Mary James! I'm used to having people accuse me of cutting them, but *you*—Mary, haven't you realized yet that I'm so near-sighted I wouldn't recognize even you, if you were more than six feet away from me?"

She stared at him, comprehending slowly. That was why, then, he had not recognized her all those other times—in the restaurant, at the American Express, on the Café de la Paix terrace! And he hadn't seen her at the school!

"I know I've acted like an awful sap," he was saying. "When they told me that I couldn't use my eyes for a year—why, Mary, I haven't even been able to talk about it! I've been rude to people who asked. And I've resented every human being who was able to work! I begged the doctor to let me use glasses, but he said no—he wanted to treat me without them. I—I've been sulking, I suppose."

She had no idea what he was talking about; she was scarcely listening. He hadn't seen her at the studio! But her sense of relief was insecure, vanishing rapidly. He hadn't seen her; he didn't know—but what if, some time, he found out? She had to tell him, anyway, before they could go on. She couldn't have it, like a guilty secret, always between them!

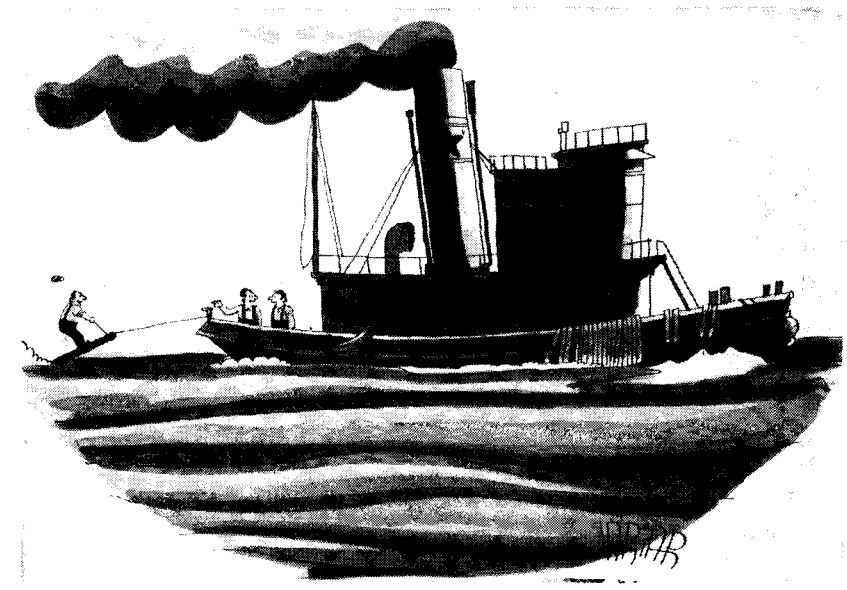
"Bill—what did you mean last night about not knowing any models?" she asked.

"You're so brave yourself that you must think I've been a rotten sport," he said. "Well, I have—but I won't be any longer. Walking into that studio today broke the spell. I haven't been able to look at an easel without wanting to smash it! Pure sour grapes!" He took her hands. "Eight months more of enforced leisure—with you, Mary—is as good as eight months of painting," he told her solemnly. "And when I *do* get back to work—"

"Bill Blakeman!" cried Mary. "Are you a painter?"

"Good Lord!" said Bill. "Do you mean to say you didn't know that?"

"Oh—Bill!" said Mary, and buried her face against his coat, half laughing, half crying. That was why . . . She lifted her face to his. "Bill—will you paint me some day? I'm an awfully good model!"



"They call him 'Sport' . . ." *Lawrence La Riar*

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We can Build our way Out

Continued from page 13

rigorously kept out. Houses are made today pretty much as they were a hundred years ago. Lumber must be laboriously sawed up on the lot by hand. In most states it is not permissible even to use an electric saw.

Under such methods of construction, therefore, it has been difficult to produce a house for a sum within reach of the worker's small means. Modern progress swept over our lives but left the building industry untouched.

The next difficulty has been in the established methods of financing housebuilding. First-mortgage money can generally be obtained for six per cent. But builders must have additional funds, which they get through second mortgages, and this is likely to cost anywhere from ten to twenty per cent and even more.

However, in recent years many men interested in improving the housing conditions of the working groups have struggled with these two problems. Chiefly following the pioneer work of the great New York architect, Andrew Thomas, immense savings in the erection of apartment houses for workers have been made.

The Government Can Help

The financing problem has been met by some of the great insurance companies—notably the Metropolitan Life—supplying the funds at moderate rates. As a result of this a large number of modern housing projects were started before 1929 which enabled workers in New York to get homes for a rental of $9 a room a month that were better than those for which twice that sum was being paid before.

This movement was making rapid progress. It is certain that if the collapse had not come a very much larger number of such housing projects would have been started. They were checked chiefly by the lack of funds following the stock market crash in 1929.

Can this work be resumed? Can it be speeded up immediately? The answer is that it can—that in almost no time several hundred millions of dollars' worth of such work can be gotten under way if the government will see its opportunity and get behind it.

A number of groups are ready to begin operations. The state of New York has provided a Housing Board to supervise such projects. The city of New York has enacted an ordinance exempting from taxation the buildings erected for these purposes by limited-dividend housing companies and approved by the State Housing Board. All that is needed is money. That cannot be obtained now for reasons which are familiar to everyone. The one agency which can provide the money is the government—the government which pours out money in huge volume to build instruments of destruction during wars.

In this case the government would not have to "spend" the money as it does on war construction, but merely lend it on what is the safest, soundest and surest type of self-liquidating operation in the world. Let the United States government, which put up two hundred and fifty million dollars to pay interest and maturities on railroad bonds and which raised twenty-five billions to fight a war, now assemble a fund of at least three billion dollars to be loaned to properly approved housing projects, particularly in cities which will exempt them from taxation, and you will see activity in every large community.

To get things started Ohio has already passed a law modeled on the New York statute, setting up a housing board and providing for tax exemption. The banks in Cleveland and the Chamber of Commerce have made studies of the blighted areas there. An influential group of citizens have made elaborate plans to reclaim these areas; to purchase the land, demolish the old buildings, and erect new and modern model tenements on only one half the realty, leaving the other half for playgrounds and parks.

The government has been urged to embark on a vast program of public works in order to set in motion the energies of the building business. This should be done. But in addition to this it should provide funds for loans to private housing corporations properly supervised. This would start things and in this way also large additional sums would be made available, because the government would provide only a portion of the funds.

To do this a government body should be set up at once. It should be completely divorced from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It should be headed by the best men the nation can provide. Properly supplied with funds, such a board could bring this depression to a halt within thirty days.

While the multi-family house will serve the large cities, the smaller ones and the outlying suburban areas will need small, individual dwelling units. Here again building costs have been so great that low-cost houses for working people have not been built. The solution of this problem is, in my opinion, in sight. It is the fabricated house. This long-cherished development is nearer than most people think. Groups all over the country—important business concerns—have been experimenting with it and some of them are ready now to begin operations.

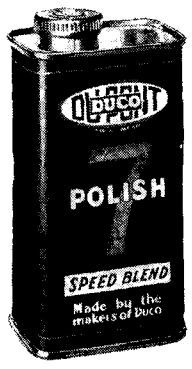
Of course, many people think this would be bad. They imagine it would displace men in the building industry. But that industry, at present, is practically at a standstill. What is more, if building operations were to be resumed tomorrow, there would be no carpenters or bricklayers or plasterers or plumbers engaged in building homes for workers. The small house for the low-income worker constitutes a new industry.

The Next Step in Housing

There is the inevitable fear that if we begin making houses in factories our homes will fall into the standardization which is now so much decried in American life. Of course, such a fear completely overlooks the fact that in lower-priced homes that is precisely what we now have. You can go into any city and see long rows of houses, each one precisely like the other and all badly planned and badly built. At least the fabricated house will be no worse than these and will have the additional advantage of being more intelligently designed and far cheaper.

Besides, the fabricated house will solve the hitherto unsolvable problem of financing. For if such houses are made they will be financed by the companies which manufacture them, and the long and rich experience of the automobile makers will serve as the model. The racketeer second-mortgage man will be driven out of the picture. The fabricated house is just around the corner. Multi-family houses in cities and fabricated houses in the suburbs and small towns—these offer the fairest hope of an upturn in business.

"Looks great, doesn't it?
That's what No. 7 Polish does!"



BE proud of your car. Keep it always clean and sparkling with Du Pont No. 7 Polish—the quick, easy beauty treatment for all cars, new and old.

No. 7 Duco Polish, the fastest-selling liquid auto polish, cleans away dull Traffic Film easily and quickly. Almost magically it restores the original lustre and color of the finish. Does it all in one easy operation and at a very low cost per job. It's the safe polish to use—made by the makers of Duco and recommended by leading car manufacturers.

Now du Pont offers you a new product which preserves the lustre for months, and protects the finish against weathering. No. 7 Duco-Wax, latest development of the du Pont laboratories, forms a hard, transparent, sparkling film that seals in the beauty and keeps out dirt.

Polish your car with No. 7 Duco Polish—preserve the lustre with No. 7 Duco-Wax. New low prices make these products more economical than ever. Insist on the genuine—made by du Pont.

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E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Dept. C-3, Wilmington, Delaware.

Send me a sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish. I enclose 10c to help pay for packing and postage. (This offer good only in the U.S. and Canada.)

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In Canada, Canadian Industries, Ltd., Toronto 9, Canada

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ON KLEENEX

all over the United States

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FULL SIZE 25¢ PACKAGES

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Use Kleenex disposable tissues instead of handkerchiefs! Sanitary! Economical! No washing—no spreading germs.

STOCK/UP on Kleenex during this nation-wide sale! Take advantage of this remarkably low price. It costs much less to use Kleenex than to pay for handkerchief laundry!

And think of the greater safety! No germ-filled handkerchiefs to infect hands, pockets, laundry bags. No soiled, disgusting handkerchiefs to carry germs back to your face. No repulsive handkerchief washing. You use a fresh Kleenex Tissue every time. It's safe. It's dry and soothing. Soft and very absorbent. Saves nose from getting red and raw.

Try these uses

Lots of other uses for Kleenex, too. For removing face creams and applying powder and make-up. For cleaning glasses and wiping razor blades. For applying ointments and salves, to keep from staining garments.

Use Kleenex freely, at this low price. And get yours now, while supplies last. At drug and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

Off to the Fair

Continued from page 22

What's the Fair all about?

The Century of Progress is meant to mark and celebrate just that—a hundred years of human industrial, artistic and scientific advancement. It demonstrates that the last hundred years were the hardest for the pioneers who made the epochal discoveries and gave the world the amazing inventions that have eased human life.

The country's greatest industries show the best of their wares. You can see almost every familiar article of modern commerce in process of manufacture—from a motor-car to a bottle of beer. The Fair is a concentrated education in American industrial enterprise.

Exhibits from Abroad

How many other nations have exhibits there?

Nineteen—the others being either shy or broke. Mussolini sent over the most interesting foreign exhibit and put it into about the most picturesque building at the Fair—actual objects from the archæological explorations of ancient Italian lakes. Belgium has an entire village there; Japan has a pagoda-palace, and Great Britain sent over its fastest railroad train, The Flying Scotsman.

What are the things most worth seeing at the Fair—and how long will it take to see them?

The things most worth seeing are the historical and educational exhibits. The gem of the Fair is the replica of Fort Dearborn—the original settlement that became Chicago. This cost $85,000; but public interest in it was so great that months before the Fair officially opened enough fifteen-cent admissions had been collected to defray the cost of the exhibit.

At this Fort Dearborn you'll meet Captain John Manson, descendant of the original designer of the Fort. You may also see several Indians, descendants of the original marauders who destroyed the original fort. Contrast this rude, logwood camp—no bigger than a suburban backyard—with the enormous city it started, and you have nutshelled the Century of Progress.

There's also the historical Lincoln exhibit—replicas of his log-cabin birthplace, the general store he ran and his favorite tavern.

The huge industrial exhibits—especially those where cars are put together from the assembly-line and given factory tests before your eyes—are fascinating and free. Indeed, the best things at the Fair are free; for there's no charge to the colorful U. S. building with its three huge fluted pillars that have already been nicknamed Tom, Dick and Harry; no charge to the magnificent Field Museum, an education in itself; no charge to the gigantic Transportation Building with its suspended metal dome; no charge to the modern home exhibits displaying houses bizarre and wonderful—of brick and glass and metal, red and green and blue and yellow, as if a rainbow had dropped and broken on the ground. You can see houses like small cathedrals and houses like large kennels—and they're all worth seeing, even though you might not care to live in most of them.

There are so many things to see that if we tried to tell them all we'd run from here to the back cover—and beyond. Briefly, whatever is made in America, and most of the things that are made elsewhere—from raw material to finished product—can be seen free at the Fair.

It would take an energetic visitor whose legs are in good condition at least three full days to see all the educational exhibits. To *study* them all you could take all the time of the Fair—and still have something left to learn.

How many amusement attractions are there and what do they cost?

Well over a hundred. They range in price from ten-cent "games of skill" (World's Fair slang for "gambling") to $2 for airplane and airship rides over the Fair. The average price—such as for the living panorama of the Fort Dearborn Massacre and the Midget Village—is fifteen cents for youngsters and twenty-five cents for adults.

The hit of the show—like the Ferris Wheel of Chicago's last World's Fair—is the Sky Ride. This is across the Fair lagoon. You can spin at terrific speed nearly seven hundred feet in a rocket car shot across cables between tall steel towers. It's a big thrill for fifty cents—with a view of the surrounding lake and country for scores of miles.

There's a bigger and better Midway—with motion pictures, serious and slapstick, beauty shows, bowling alleys, freak-shows (Believe-it-or-not Ripley has that one), displays of the world a million years ago plus some realistic paleolithic men—of which Chicago police blotters boast many. There's Admiral Byrd's ship, the City of New York, in which he discovered Little America. Mr. Rufus Dawes (brother of the explosive former Vice President) has ordered all the fun to be good, but clean. Yet even he didn't have the heart to refuse Little Egypt her niche. She's there. Perhaps it's the same Little Egypt who delighted your father and my father in 1893 and shocked your mother and my mother at the same time.

What provision has been made for children?

Plenty. They have the Enchanted Island all to themselves—with its baby farm and baby zoo—of small animals—its sugar mountain, down which they can slide to their hearts' if not their pants' content, its sizzling rides; everything to delight a youngster. You can check Junior and his sister there—with a dollar each for a big day—and go your way assured they'll be there when you get back.

There's an infirmary for children as well as for adults, and immediate medical attention available in case of need by anybody.

Spend What You Like

What's the minimum cost of spending a week at the Fair and in Chicago seeing everything and doing everything?

That all depends on you. Most of the things of greatest interest in the City of Chicago are free to see—like the magnificent Public Library on Michigan Avenue—and the famous Art Institute, just across the street.

If you set out to patronize every concession at the Fair it can cost you anywhere from $25 to $50; but a ten-dollar bill will give you a satisfying sample of everything.

There'll be plenty of music—jazz and good—that you can hear free; open-air song concerts you may not care to hear at all; plenty of dancing.

The man or woman who wants to get by moderately should be able to live in Chicago and spend a week visiting everything worth while in the city and at the Fair for between thirty and forty dollars. The town will not be wide open, as it was in the days of the last Chicago

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Fair when John Burns, a visiting British statesman, described it as "Hell with the lid off." Chicago wants to impress America and the world this time with its cleanliness and security.

The value of this Fair for any citizen can best be summarized in the words applied to the last Chicago Fair by one citizen—who was then a youth. His father was in charge of the exhibit of a great state, and reporters asked the lad what he thought of the Fair.

"It's fine—it's taught me more than I ever knew about my country," he said.

He was young Franklin D. Roosevelt.

You needn't be afraid of crowds at the Fair. The three-mile strip of grounds can hold a million people at one time—with room to move without having to wear one another's elbows. Before the Fair opened much more than a million persons paid ten cents admission to see the grounds in preparation—an indication that the idea of the Fair went over from the start. The space for commercial exhibits was sold out—and this is the first American World's Fair at which it has been sold. One big motor-car concern, incidentally, saved the day for the Fair by leading the way to other exhibitors by putting up a million-dollar building. There'll be no medals awarded, as all industrial exhibits are grouped.

In brief, there'll be a swell show to which Chicago and her citizens welcome the world en masse—and will be there to greet you.

Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 15

granted that I could not escape from the place: this remained to be seen! But assuming that I did escape and my absence were noted, this would precipitate some catastrophe, the nature of which I could little more than guess.

Fleurette would be lost to me forever! Sir Frank Narcomb and the rest—what would be their fate?

Moreover, recognizing the imminence of his danger, Fu Manchu might open his war on the world!

Yet, now that I knew myself to be not in China, but in Ste. Claire de la Roche, my determination to endeavor to get in touch with Nayland Smith was firmly established; the route alone remained doubtful.

And upon this point I formed a sudden resolution.

I had noted that in one of the houses—the first which I had entered with Dr. Fu Manchu, and the loftiest; that in which many fantastic species of palms grew—there was a spiral staircase leading to a series of gangways. By means of these, presumably, the upper foliage of the trees could be inspected.

From up there, I thought, I might obtain a view of whatever lay outside, and thus get my bearings. Otherwise I was just as likely to penetrate farther and farther into this maze of laboratories and workshops as to find a way out of it.

I moved on to the door which communicated with the first of the range of forcing-houses, or the last in the order in which I had inspected them. It was the one containing the pitcher plants and other fly-catching varieties.

It was dimly lighted within and the door slid open as I pressed the control button. I closed it, adjusted the gauge, then opened the inner door and went in.

THE steamy heat of the place attacked me at once. It was like stepping out of a temperate zone into the heart of a jungle. The air was laden with perfumes—pleasant and otherwise; the predominant smell being that of an ineffable rottenness which characterizes swampy vegetation.

I threaded my way along a narrow path. So far I had met with success—probably all the doors were unfastened.

It proved to be so, nor did I meet a soul on the way.

And when at last I stood in the most imposing house of all, palms towering high above my head, I became conscious of an apprehension against which I knew I must fight . . . that the note of recall would suddenly sound in my brain.

Yet to have discarded the metal ring would have been folly.

I moved cautiously along until I came to that spiral staircase I had noted. It was situated at no great distance from the doorway through which I had originally entered.

Cautiously I began to ascend, my rubber-soled shoes creating a vague thrumming sound upon the metal steps. I reached the top of the first staircase and saw before me a narrow gangway with a single handrail—not unlike those found in engine-rooms.

Palm boles towered about me and fronds of lower foliage extended across the platform. I advanced, sometimes ducking under them, to where vaguely I had seen a second stair leading higher.

I mounted this until I found myself among the tops of wildly unfamiliar trees; narrow galleries branched off in several directions. I selected one which seemed to lead to the glass wall. I saw queer fruit growing in the crowns of trees unknown. Normally I could not have resisted inspecting it more closely; but tonight my professional enthusiasms must be subdued: a task of intense urgency claimed me.

THEN, I had almost come to where one gangway joined another running flat against the glass wall, up very near to the arching roof, when I pulled up, inhaled deeply, and clutched at the handrail. . . .

Uttering a shrill, whistling sound, *something* swung from a golden crest on my right, perched for a moment on the rail, not a yard from where I stood, chattered up at me and sprang into the foliage of an overhanging palm!

My heart was beating rapidly—but I tried to laugh at myself.

It was Fu Manchu's marmoset!

I had begun to move on again when once more I pulled up.

Surely it was not the Doctor's custom to allow his pet to roam at large in these houses? It had presumably escaped from its usual quarters, and sooner or later the Doctor, or someone else, would seek it.

I stood still, listening. I could hear nothing save the faint whispering of the leaves.

Moving on to the side gallery, I saw ahead of me through glass windows a rugged slope topped by a ruined wall, and beyond the wall an ancient building. Stepping slightly to the right, I could see more of the place—a narrow street descending in cobbled steps, and another more modern building, from the arched entrance of which light shone out upon the cobbles. Looking higher, I saw a cloudless sky gemmed with stars.

This, beyond doubt, was the back of Ste. Claire, and these huge forcing-houses were built against the slope which ran down from it to the sea.

(Continued on page 40*)*

W. G. Mennen has studied the science of shaving for 25 years. Now he gives you the first impartial, scientific answer to the question that is puzzling most shavers.

LATHER OR BRUSHLESS

Which for you?

Let me guide you—I make both!

W. G. Mennen

"ARE YOU puzzled which *is* the best shave—Lather or Brushless?

"Maybe I can set you right. I make both. I have no axe to grind.

"I've been studying shaving for 25 years and I am convinced that *one* type of shave *cannot* suit everybody. There is no one best for all faces. Whether you should use lather or brushless depends on your shaving habits, your type of beard and—most important—*your type of skin.*

Only your skin can decide!

"That's why I make both. Both give the "wilted whisker" shave. Both conquer the stubbornest stubble—so that the blade sails through—cuts clean—without a yank or a pull or a scratch.

"*But only your skin can decide which is best for* YOU—*Lather or Brushless.*

"If you have an *oily* skin—I recommend Mennen Lather Shave. You need that lather—to flush out your over-active pores. Mennen Lather penetrates into the pores. Loosens deeply imbedded oil and grease deposits. Cleanses the skin. Leaves your face fresher, *healthier!*

"If you have a *dry* skin—I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a cream *not a grease*—containing special fine ingredients good for thin, tender, easily-irritated skins.

"If you have a *normal* skin then take your choice! Then it's a question of convenience—do you *like* to use a brush or don't you?

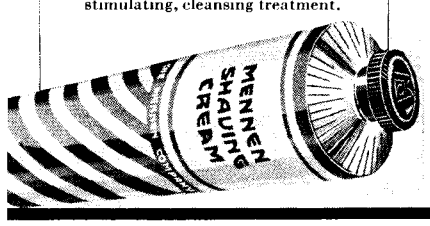
"Either Mennen Lather Shave or Mennen Brushless gives you that wonderful comfort that comes only when you thoroughly *wilt your whiskers!*"

MENNEN

LATHER SHAVE

Two kinds: Plain or Menthol-iced

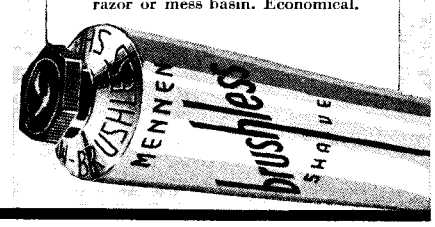
Wilts whiskers. Eliminates all razor pull and yank. Gives skin a stimulating, cleansing treatment.



brushless SHAVE

It's a cream—not a grease!

Wilts whiskers. Washes off the face and hands *easily*. Doesn't clog razor or mess basin. Economical.



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Here are 57 new ways to

VARY YOUR MENU

THERE'S a way to serve Heinz Cooked Spaghetti with butter-browned bits of frankfurter, diced onion and sprigs of parsley, that makes just about the tastiest dish a few pennies ever bought!

Heinz dietitians tell you precisely how to prepare it, in a valuable free booklet called, "57 Unusual Ways To Serve Spaghetti"—just off the press and awaiting your address on the coupon below.

Vary your menu—at least once a week—with one of these delicious Heinz spaghetti dinners! You'll taste the dainty tang of choice cheese in Heinz Spaghetti—the piquant rich flavor of Heinz famous tomato sauce—and benefit from the body-building values of Durum wheat, milk and butter!

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(Continued from page 39)

In other words, as I stood, the sea was behind me. I must seek an exit in that direction. I walked back along the gangways to the head of the spiral staircase, seeing nothing of Peko, the marmoset, on my way.

I descended; proceeded along the second gallery to the lower stair, and so reached the rubber-covered floor again.

Instantly I noticed something which pulled me up dead in my tracks . . . an unmistakable smell of *opium!*

I turned slowly, fists clenched, looking toward those doors which I knew to communicate with the study of Dr. Fu Manchu.

Good heavens! What did this mean?

Both doors, the inner and the outer, were open!

From where I stood I could see the farther wall of the room—I could see a silk lantern suspended from the ceiling; some of the books in their barbaric bindings; the thick carpet; and even that Chinese stool upon which I had sat.

Not a sound reached me.

Something, perhaps a natural cowardice, was urging me to go back—to go back, but I conquered it, and went forward—very cautiously.

I believe I had rarely done anything so truly praiseworthy as when I crossed the space between those two doors, and, craning forward inch by inch, peeped into the study.

I WITHDREW my head with hare-like rapidity and clenched my teeth so sharply, stifling an exclamation, that I heard the click as they came together.

Dr. Fu Manchu was seated in the big throne-like chair behind the writing table.

One glimpse only I had of him in profile, but it had wrecked my optimism—reduced me to a state of despair.

I stood now on the threshold, not daring to move, scarce daring to breathe. He was seated, I had seen in that lightning glimpse, his head resting against the back of the padded chair, bolt upright, his yellow, taloned hands clutching the arms. It was like a vision of a Pharaoh dead upon his throne.

The open doors were explained: he had heard me approaching. He was waiting for me! . . . What explanation could I offer?

The sickly smell of opium mingled with a damp miasma from the palm-house. So still it was that I could hear my heart beating, and hear—or thought I could hear—that faint rustling in the treetops, that curious communion among tropical leaves which never ceases, day or night.

I began to recover courage.

After all, my duties were of a character which rendered wakefulness difficult. What more natural as a botanist than that I should keep my mind alert by inspecting the unique products of those wonderful houses? Finding these doors open, what more natural than that I should investigate?

Very cautiously, very quietly, I bent forward again, and this time ventured to look long and steadily.

Like Seti the First, Dr. Fu Manchu sat in his throne-chair. I knew that I had never seen so majestic an outline, so wonderful a brow, such tremendous power in any human lineaments. He was motionless, his hands resting upon the dragon chair arms; he might have been carved from old ivory.

My rubber-soled shoes making no sound, I stepped into the room, and stood watching him closely. His eyes were closed. He was asleep, or—

I glanced at the jade-bowled pipe which lay upon the table before him. I sniffed the fumes with which the room was laden.

Drugged!

Here was the explanation which I had been slow to grasp.

Dr. Fu Manchu was in an opium trance . . . possibly the only sleep which that restless, supernormal brain ever knew!

I glanced rapidly about the room, wondering if any other man not enthralled by the Blessing of the Celestial Vision, had ever viewed its strange treasures.

And now, as I stood there in the presence of that insensible enemy of Western civilization, I asked myself a question: What should I do?

If I could find a way out of this maze I believed I had a fighting chance to escape from Ste. Claire. I was in China only in the sense that this place was under the domination of the Chinese doctor. Actually I was in France; my friends were within easy reach if I could get in touch with them.

Why should I not kill him?

He had killed Petrie—dear old Petrie, one of the best friends I had ever had in life; he had killed, for no conceivable reason, those other poor workers in vineyards and gardens. And, according to Sir Denis, this was but the beginning of the sum of his assassinations!

I stood quite close to him; only the big table divided us. And I studied the majestic, evil mask which was the face of Dr. Fu Manchu.

He was helpless, and I was a young, vigorous man. Would it be a worthy, or an unworthy deed? It is an ethical point which to this day I have never settled satisfactorily.

All I can say in defense of my inaction is that, confronting Dr. Fu Manchu, helpless and insensible I knew, although my reason and my Celtic blood rose in revolt against me, something deep down in my consciousness bade me not to touch him!

Supreme Evil sat enthroned before me, at my mercy—perhaps the nearest approach to Satan incarnate which this troubled world has ever known. . . . And perhaps for that strange reason, inviolable. I dared not lay a finger upon him—and I knew it!

No! I must pursue my original plan—gain my freedom.

The mahogany-arched recess communicated, I knew, with a corridor at the end of which was a stair leading to the rooms with white doors. The door which faced the table opened into the big laboratory called the radio research room.

Which of these should I attempt?

I had decided upon that leading to the laboratory when something occurred to me which produced a chill at my heart.

The opened doors into the palm-house!

Who had opened them, since obviously Dr. Fu Manchu had not done so?

I STOOD quite still for a moment; then turned slowly, and looked out into that misty jungle beyond.

Someone had come out of this room during the time that I had been creeping about upon those gangways in the palm tops. A patrol? A patrol which, having heard me, would now be waiting for me. . . .

I listened; but no sound came from that tropical jungle. And now dawned a second thought: One acquainted with the iron routine of that place would never have left both doors open!

What did it mean?

An urge to escape from this drug-laden room, from the awful, still figure in the carved chair, seized me.

I stepped softly towards the archway—only to realize that the control was hidden. I could see no trace of one of those familiar glass buttons, resembling bell pushes, which took the place of door knobs in this singular house-

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hold. Perforce, then, I must try my luck in the radio research room.

Beside the door facing Dr. Fu Manchu I could see the control button which opened it. I turned, pressed that button . . . and the door slid silently open.

I stepped out into the violet-lighted laboratory.

Looking swiftly right and left, I could see no one. The place was empty, as when I had first discovered myself in its vastness. Almost directly at my feet a black line was marked upon the rubber floor.

I inhaled deeply. Could I cross it?

Clenching my teeth, I stepped forward. Nothing happened. I was free of the radio research room!

But now my case was growing desperate. I could not believe myself to be the only person awake in that human ant hill. Sooner or later I must be detected and challenged. My only chance was to find another way out of the radio research room. And now it occurred to me that there might be none!

Avoiding those black marks upon the dull gray floor. I walked in the direction of the farther end of the dimly lighted place, until I came to the glass wall.

I knew that the door—if a door existed—must be somewhere in the openings between the shelves.

Desperately I began to search for it.

I COULD see no indication of a control in the first recess which I explored. But the wall was divided into panels or sections, framed in narrow strips of some dull white metal, and experience had taught me that any one of these might be a hidden door.

I groped hopelessly, as I had groped along the wall of the apartment which had been allotted to me, seeking for the hidden exit by which Fleurette and, later, Fah Lo Suee had gone out.

A slight sound in that vast, silent room brought me twisting about.

As I turned, my down-stretched hands pressed against the glass panel behind me. I could see nothing to account for the sound which I had heard, or imagined I had heard . . . but I felt the glossy surface upon which my hand rested sliding away to the right!

I turned again—and looked up an uncarpeted staircase to where, far above, a silk-shaded lantern hung upon a landing.

Doubting, hesitating, I looked alternately at the stairway and back along the laboratory. This way led upward, and my route was downward to the sea. But, what was more important, I must learn the secret of these doors! There might be others yet to be negotiated. I determined to experiment.

The door had slid open to the right. I remembered that my hand had rested at a point about three feet from the floor. I pressed now right of the door, but there was no response. I pressed to the left. The door remained open. Baffled, I stepped back—and the door closed, swiftly and silently!

I opened it again and stepped in toward the foot of the stairs.

How did I close it now?

The solution of this problem evaded me. I began to mount the stairs—and as my foot touched the first step, the door closed behind me!

I mounted, silent in my rubber-soled shoes, reached the landing and looked about me, wondering what I should do next.

A short, dark passage opened to the right, and another longer one to the left. At the end of the latter I saw a green light burning. I could hear no sound. I determined to explore the shorter passage first. I began to tiptoe along it; then I paused, and stood stock-still.

The door at the foot of the stairs had opened and someone had come through. . . .

I was being followed!

A momentary panic touched me. Had the opium sleep of Dr. Fu Manchu been an elaborate pretense? Could it be that he, after all, had been watching me throughout?—that it was this dreadful being himself who was upon my track?

I hurried to the end of that narrow passage; but there were doors neither right nor left, nor at its terminus.

It was wood-paneled, and I looked about desperately for one of the control buttons. Suddenly I saw one, pressed it and the door slid open.

I filled my breath with sharp night air, and I looked upon the stars. I stood on a paved terrace bordered by a low parapet. Below me lay a rocky gorge cloaked in vegetation. Beyond was the sea, and, instinct told me, the beach of Ste. Claire.

Steps descended on the left. I made no attempt to close the door, but began hurrying down.

Rock plants, ferns, cactuses grew upon the wall. Moonlight painted a sharp angle of shadow upon the steps. I came to a bend and turned. The steps below were completely in shadow. I began to grope my way down.

And at the third step I pulled up sharply and listened.

Someone had come out onto the terrace above: he was following me!

I had yet to find my way to the sea; but, having won freedom from the house of Dr. Fu Manchu and gained the clean, free air, it would be a dead man that this tracker carried back again. And unless he shot me down before coming to close quarters, there would be a classic struggle at some point between this and the beach. . . .

The insidious atmosphere of that secret place, as I realized now, had taken its toll of my spirit. But under the stars—free—free from that ghastly thralldom—my cold hatred of the Chinese doctor and of all his works and his creatures surged back upon me.

Fleurette!

The dark schemes of Fah Lo Suee could never save her. One hope only I had and I included Fleurette in it optimistically, for no word of love had ever passed between us.

I must find Nayland Smith—surround this scorpion's nest—and put an end to the menace which threatened the peace of the world.

Courage came to me: I felt capable of facing even Dr. Fu Manchu himself.

AND throughout this time I had been groping my way down dark steps; and now I came to yet another bend. Thus far I had made no sound. I stood still, listening; and clearly I heard it . . . footsteps following me.

It was eerie—uncanny.

Whoever it might be, the Chinese doctor or one of his creatures, why had he not challenged me—why this silent pursuit? I could only suppose that a trap awaited me.

Someone was on guard at the foot of the stairs, and the one who followed was content to make sure that I did not double back.

Some impassable obstacle lay between me and the beach. It might be —and the thought turned my heart cold —such an obstacle as I had once met with in the radio research room!

In that event, I should be trapped.

I pulled up, groping upon the wall beside the steps. Some kind of creeping plant grew there in profusion, indeterminable in the darkness. I pulled it aside and craned over, looking down.

Below, as I dimly saw, was a sheer descent of a hundred feet or more. These steps were built around the face of the gorge. Lacking ropes, there was

(Continued on page 42)

Then add

THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING!

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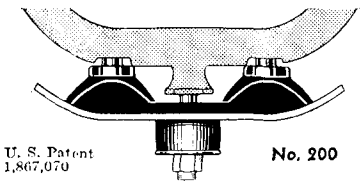

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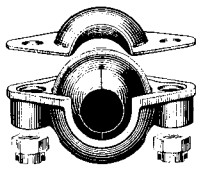

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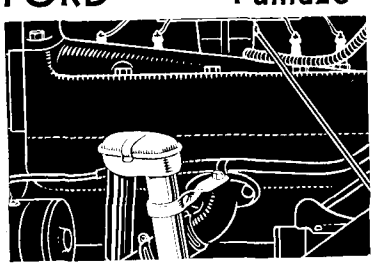

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CINCINNATI, OHIO
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(Continued from page 41)

no other means of reaching the beach.

This discovery determined my course. Unknown dangers were ahead, but a definite enemy was on my trail. Even now, as I stood there listening, I could hear him cautiously descending.

He exercised great precaution, but in the silence of the night, nevertheless, I could detect his movements. I must deal with him first. Moreover, as I recognized, I must deal with him speedily. This stealthy pursuit was taking toll of my nerves.

I pictured to myself Dr. Fu Manchu, some strange death in his hand, stalking me—the man who had presumed to trick him—catlike, cruel, and awaiting his own moment to spring.

And as I began again to grope my way down the steps and came to another bend, a possible plan presented itself. The next flight, branching away at a sharp angle, was palely lighted by the moon. A sharp shadow belt cut anglewise across the first three steps.

Making as little noise as possible I hauled myself up upon the parapet; not without injury, for a spiny kind of cactus grew there. But I finally reached the desired position, squatting in dense shadow.

With the advantage which this takeoff gave me, I aimed to wait until my follower reached the bend, and then to spring upon his back and hurl him down the steps, trusting to break his neck and to save my own. . . .

I had no more than poised myself for the spring, when I heard him on the last step of the shadowy stairs.

He paused for a long time—I could hear him breathing. I clenched my fists and prepared to spring. . . . He took a pace forward.

For one instant I saw his silhouette against the light.

"My God!" I cried. *"You!"*

It was *Nayland Smith!*

"THANK God I found you, Sterling," said Nayland Smith when the first shock of that meeting was over. "It's a breakneck job in the dark, but I think we should be wise to put a greater distance between ourselves and the house. Do you know the way?"

"No."

"I do, from here. I discovered it tonight. There are five more flights of stone steps and then a narrow path—a mere goat track on the edge of a precipice. It ultimately leads one down to the beach. There may be another way; but I don't know it. I have a boat lying off, waiting for me. We have a lot to tell each other, but let's make some headway before we talk."

And so in silence we pursued our way, presently coming to the track of which Nayland Smith had spoken, truly perilous navigation in the darkness; a false step would have precipitated one into an apparently bottomless gorge.

Willy-nilly I began listening again for that eerie recall note which I was always expecting to hear, wondering what would happen if it came and I did not obey—and what steps would be taken in the awful house of Dr. Fu Manchu.

Some parts of the path were touched by moonlight, and here we proceeded with greater confidence. But when it lay, as it often did, in impenetrable shadow overhung by great outjutting masses of rock, it was necessary to test every foot of the way before trusting one's weight to it.

At a very easy gradient the path sloped downward until, at the end of twenty minutes' stumbling and scrambling, it ended in a narrow cutting between two huge boulders.

Far ahead, framed in their giant blackness, I saw the moon glittering on the sea and white-fringed waves gently lapping the shore.

Clear of the cutting—which Nayland Smith appeared to distrust—he dropped down upon a pebbly slope.

"Phew!" he exclaimed. "One of the strangest experiences of a not uneventful life!"

I dropped down beside him; nervous excitement and physical exertion had temporarily exhausted me.

"There's definitely no time to waste," he went on, speaking very rapidly. "It might be wiser to return to the boat. But a few minutes' rest is acceptable, and I doubt if they could overtake us now. Bring me up to date, Sterling, from the time you left Quinto's restaurant. I have interviewed the people there, and your movements as reported, prior to the moment when you drove away in Petrie's car, struck me as curious. You crossed and spoke to a man who was standing on the opposite side of the street. Why?"

"I had seen one of the dacoits watching me, and I wanted to find out which way he had gone."

"Ah! And did you find out?"

"Yes."

"Good. Go ahead, Sterling, and be as concise as you can."

Whereupon I told him, endeavoring to omit nothing, all that had taken place. Frankly, I did not expect to be believed, but Nayland Smith, who in the darkness was busily loading his pipe, never once interrupted me until I came to the incident where, escaping from the worm-man, I had turned to find Fleurette in the room.

"Who is this girl," he rapped, "and where did you meet her?"

"Perhaps I should have mentioned the incident before, Sir Denis," I replied, "but naturally I did not believe it to have any connection with this ghastly business. I met her on the beach, out there."

And I told him as shortly as possible of my first meeting with Fleurette.

"Describe her very carefully," he directed tersely.

I did so in loving detail.

"You say she has violet eyes?"

"They appear sometimes very dark violet; sometimes I have thought they were blue."

"Good. Go on with the story."

I WENT on, telling him of Fah Lo Suee's intervention and of how she had tricked the Japanese surgeon, of my second interview with Dr. Fu Manchu, and even of the dream which I had had. Then, of Fah Lo Suee's midnight visit, outlining what she had told me. Finally I described my escape, and the opium sleep of Dr. Fu Manchu. Sir Denis had lighted his pipe and now was smoking furiously.

"Amazing, Sterling," he commented. "You seem actually to have seen what took place in Berlin. You have correctly described my movements up to the time that I reached the house of Professor Krus. This can have been no ordinary dream. It is possible that this girl possesses a gift of clairvoyance which Dr. Fu Manchu uses. And it rather appears that, given suitable circumstances, her visions or whatever we should term them are communicated to your own brain. Have you ever dreamed of her before?"

"Yes," I replied, my heart giving a sudden leap. "I fell asleep at the Villa Jasmin shortly after our first meeting, and dreamed that I saw her and Dr. Fu Manchu—whom I had never met at the time—riding in a purple cloud which was swooping down upon a city. . . . I thought, New York—"

"Ah," rapped Nayland Smith, *"my theory was right!"*

(To be continued next week)

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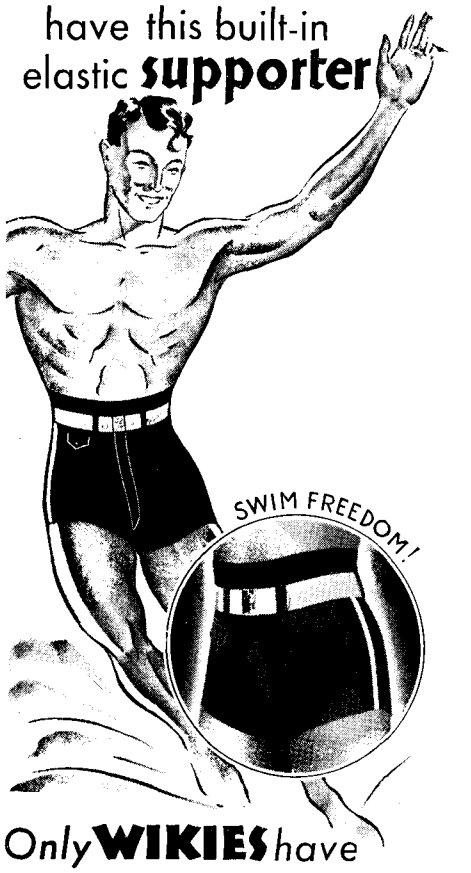

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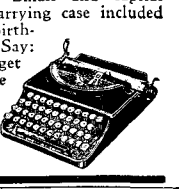

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To the Limit

Continued from page 11

"Don't be stupid. She couldn't wait!"

Deep in gloom, he built himself a cigarette, attention pinned to the blunt ends of his fingers. Strict lines of trouble crept across his tanned forehead. Julia's eyes watched him change.

"You used to be full of fun. It's all squeezed out of you. Why?"

He made a peremptory gesture. "You talk to Ellen. Nick is the best friend I ever had, and none of this scrape was of his makin'. But he's an outlaw and he should have stayed away. Tell Ellen she can't go with him. Tell her Mexico is a long way off. It looks fine now; it looks like something brave. But there'll be a lot of years to regret it when she's an outlaw's wife below the line."

"You don't know what it is to be lonely, utterly forsaken."

"Don't I?"

Julia said, softly: "Do you, Hugh?"

HE LOOKED down again, scowling. "No man can drag a woman down to his own luck. Women figure they can dig up what's dead and go on as if nothing had happened—like your thinking you could turn back three years and live on a ranch. It's no go, Julia."

Julia said bitterly: "I know. Women are to be sheltered. They can't have any blood in them. They've got to keep their skirts clear of the dust and make pretty pictures." She stopped, out of breath, and then added, "Don't you suppose we want to take our chances, too?"

"What for?"

Her hazel eyes held him. "The reason commonly given is that of love."

He said, implacably: "Nick is an outlaw and she'll be an outlaw's wife, looking across the river to a land she can't ever come back to. Meanwhile I'm going to have a terrible time pulling him out of the jackpot he got into for lack of common sense."

"You'll get him out," she murmured. "I know that much about you." Half a dozen riders appeared unexpectedly through the trees. Hugh wheeled to meet them and she saw the quick leap of an old recklessness across his features. She walked to the porch. Madelon Gray sat bolt upright, absorbing all that passed.

"Credit me for knowing drama," she told Julia. "There's something here."

Julia settled on the steps, watching Turk McCredie, at the head of the riders, canter toward the motionless Hugh. "There were three friends," she murmured, "Nick Rathjen, Hugh and a man named Lee Crimmins, now at Skull Springs. I remember how much fun they used to have. Nick started a homestead up in the hills. He was always very ambitious." Turk McCredie had swung down beside Hugh, whose high, slim frame overshadowed him. "There was some trouble over a water hole. A party came from another ranch one night and drove him off his place. He shot and killed one of them in the fight—and had to run away. He's back now, and being hunted."

Van Nuys said: "No extenuating circumstances?"

"As I told you, the law of the tribe is still strong out here. Nick killed a member of a very powerful family. Even though he might be acquitted, he wouldn't live to enjoy it."

TURK McCREDIE grinned at Hugh. "We'll camp here awhile while puckerin' up the ends of the line I've thrown about the hills."

Hugh's reply was imperturbable: "Make yourself at home, Turk."

"You're a great fighter," the sheriff mused, "but don't do what you think you're going to do."

Hugh walked thoughtfully into the house. He leaned against the wall and lifted the telephone receiver and turned the crank. A meticulous voice at the far end said, "Skull Springs exchange." In the interval there was a clicking of other receivers lifted from other hooks. Hugh's morose amusement deepened; the telephone was a splendid disseminator of news. He said: "Operator, get me Lee Crimmins at Gentry's stable."

The operator's voice went lilting upward: "One moment, Hugh." There was a long pause. Outside on the veranda the lazy talk of the Eastern crowd made sibilant overtones. The Skull Springs operator spoke: "Gentry says Lee Crimmins left on the local at noon for Tugwash and won't be back till morning. How are you, Hughie?"

"Burdened with sorrow." He hung up and laid his narrow glance on Julia, coming through the door.

"Turk doesn't know it, but Lee's at Murder Creek right now with a car, waiting to run across the state line when I can get Nick to him tonight."

"There's Ellen."

He said, grimly: "If she doesn't want a dead man to mourn over she'll stay inside this house."

She laid a long, deeply shadowed inspection upon him, every thought and every emotion seeming to absorb his worth as he stood doggedly there. She said, almost under her breath, "You're as solid as time, Hugh," and turned up the stairs.

Through the door, Hugh Remington watched Turk McCredie settle beside the blond Madelon. He walked out the back way to the dusty touring car parked beneath the trees. Three of the posse sat on the running board, instantly alert to his presence. "Sit tight, boys," he said, "I'm not going anywhere." He reached into the front seat and picked up a pair of gloves, and his eyes flickered to the rear of the car and rested speculatively on the saddle, bedding roll, extra tarp, and extra gear loosely thrown there. All this junk pretty well filled the back. He put the gloves in his pocket and retreated to a shed, behind which two Elkhorn hands loitered. "All right," he said. "Give me your strict attention for a couple minutes."

THEY were all on the porch. Another welcome dark had fallen across the earth. Ellen Lent, very pale in this shadowed quiet, suddenly rose and vanished in the house; and then Julia said softly, "Excuse me," and disengaged herself from the party. Somewhere Ellen was crying like a child. Turk McCredie stopped dead in his story and looked alertly up, eyes fastening on Hugh. Madelon's dreaming voice floated across the steps: "So then what, Sheriff?" Governor Bill slowly lifted and dropped his cigar. Hugh got up.

"I told the round-up crew to wait on Crazy Ford till I came."

Turk McCredie's story died there; he rose suddenly. "I'll ride along."

They went to the car. Hugh drove through the trees, turned into the long hill grade. A refreshing wind swept them and the headlights bit long lanes out of the black. Hugh drawled: "Don't trust me, do you, Turk?"

"You're a great hand to stick by your friends, kid, and you was a wild one for trouble in your day."

"All past, Turk."

"Yeah? Slow down a minute."

(Continued on page 44)

"Now I'm going to tell you something!"

"Get this straight, my love. Men's cuffs are supposed to be worn a half-inch below the coat sleeve—not somewhere between the wrist and elbow, as mine are. Furthermore, it is still customary for men to button their collars. Nothing short of a horse-blanket pin could hold this collar together. Every shirt I own has shrunk till it looks like a handkerchief with buttons on it. And I'm sick of it. One of us has got to find a shirt that won't shrink."

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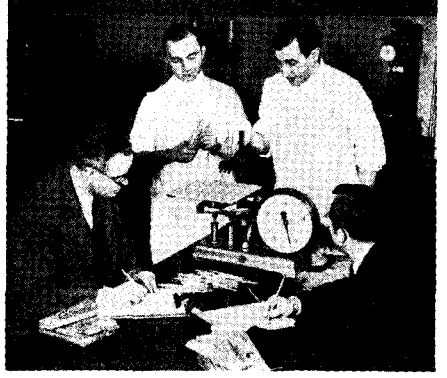

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(Continued from page 43)

They swept around a curve, lights beating against a man in the road. Turk McCredie yelled, "It's all right, Ben." And after they passed he added, "I don't know where Nick is, but he's not far off and we'll flush him out."

"I suppose," muttered Hugh and fed the car power up the last of the grade. The meadow lay before them, faintly suffused by moonlight. Somewhere a coyote barked dismally. Hugh's hands vibrated rapidly on the steering wheel, and he grumbled, "Again," and braked to a stop.

"What for?" challenged McCredie.

"Flat, I guess. Rubber's thin on that off front tire." He hoisted his long legs over the door. He walked into the headlights' beam and blinked; he spread his hands apart significantly and continued the circuit till he had come up on McCredie's side of the car. Backing off a yard, he abruptly brought the snout of a gun to bear on the sheriff's broad shape.

"Rough stuff, Turk. I'm sorry. Pile out."

THE sheriff sat utterly motionless, head tipping toward Hugh. There wasn't any change in him, no anger or surprise. "You wildcat," he rumbled. "I might have known better." One paw gently pushed open the near door. He stepped out. "This could be serious. I might make a try."

Hugh answered gently, "Then there'd be two outlaws in the hills instead of one. Turn around, Turk. Unbuckle your belt with one hand and let it drop."

The sheriff's frame wheeled slowly; he obeyed and the belt and its holstered gun slapped to the ground. Remington back-stepped to the car, pulled a coiled rope from its bottom, shook out a loop. "Hands beside you," he drawled, and then dropped the loop securely about that stolid torso ahead. He tightened it, reversed another loop around the sheriff. He holstered his gun, pushed McCredie gently toward a near tree, and, five minutes later, had him lashed against it. "It's a dirty trick, Turk," he apologized, and got into the car. He snapped off the lights. "I'll be back inside of thirty minutes," he added. Five hundred yards down the road he turned north from it.

Everything had turned tough. The risks were piling up fast and what happened in the next two hours was just a matter of fortune. Anything was logical after you drew a gun, but it was a game you had to play. And this was what happened when a man tried to drag the past out of dead ashes. The butte's face sheared the thin moonlight in front of him. He stopped the car and got out. Nick's voice, very near, challenged him:

"All right, kid."

Hugh swung back to the car. He loosed the lashing of the bedroll. "Lee's waiting seven miles north. You're on your way out of the country."

Nick's voice turned odd.

"Where's Ellen?"

"You're going alone."

"So she changed her mind?"

"For the love of God, come down to earth! This is a jackpot. Don't try deep tragedy on me." He couldn't help saying that. It got worse and worse, and suddenly, involved in the fruitless love affair of two other people, he knew he was lonely. "Don't stand there stewin' in regret. Climb under this bedroll. What's dead is dead."

Nick Rathjen crawled into the car, speaking in brittle misery: "All I've done is bring trouble. What am I goin' to do the next thirty years?"

"Go back to Mexico. You'll get over it. This is going to be touchy." He pushed Rathjen flat and punched the bedroll down. He threw the tarp loosely on the bedroll, and laid the saddle on top of that. Staring at the shapeless mass a moment, he thought of Julia Latimer's slim silhouette against the Elkhorn lanterns. You took it and you liked it—and there was no use ruining somebody else's life because your own didn't fit in. But there was an ache, just the same, and it got worse. Slipping into the seat, he turned the car back into the rutted trail.

He reached the main road and switched on the lights. Turk McCredie's bold hallooing sailed back and then the car beam illuminated the sheriff's tied form. Hugh drew a long breath, stopped and got out. He cut Turk loose with his jackknife, walking indifferently away. "Sorry. I had a message to deliver."

"How about my gun?"

"Pick it up."

There was a silence. The sheriff stirred, and circled the car. His hand struck the rear door and he crawled into his seat beside Hugh, breathing hard. "I don't get this," he growled. Then he snapped, "You boil this wreck for the ranch!"

The car shot down the grade. Halfway down, a high yell sailed from the surrounding darkness, but McCredie shouted, "It's all right, Ben," and began to curse mildly. They leveled off, skidded around a bend into Elkhorn's yard. Hugh rolled the car in front of the veranda and stopped under the varied glow of the Chinese lanterns. He switched off the lights and killed the engine, and then, aimlessly, he switched on the lights again. Three posse men ambled forward; down at the pool the Easterners were making a great deal of noise. Governor Bill rocked slowly on the veranda, white head bowed and still. Turk McCredie slid out and stood with his hands on the door, uncertain, yet keyed up.

"Something funny here." His eyes burned against Hugh. "You'd be safer locked up, and maybe that would be best."

Hugh's fingers kept snapping the light switch on and off. His voice was weary. "That's all right, Turk. You've got to play it as you see it."

McCredie's words rushed derisively out, "Ain't you humble!"

One gunshot's spreading report rolled off the slope of the hills not far away. McCredie ripped out, "What the hell is that?" Then a quick firing burst from the prairie, and the sheriff plunged toward the horses under the trees. He bellowed, "That's by the bluff! Hughie, I'll scorch your hide for this!"

POSSE men dove out of the shadows and the Easterners began to run up from the pool, white bodies ghostly in the luminous dark. The posse was wheeling away through the cottonwoods. Very gently, Hugh Remington touched the starter and threw the car in gear, easing out of the glow of the Chinese lanterns. He heard McCredie's yell surpass all other sounds and, looking around, he saw the posse charging back. But he was beyond the lights, straightening into a road laying its pale streak northward. A single shot crashed behind him, and that was all. It was seven miles to where Lee Crimmins waited with another car—and then a steady run to the line. All the amusement and all the relief came out of him in one short burst of cheerless humor:

"You can come up for air, Nick."

Nick Rathjen crawled into the front seat. "Close, kid."

"Well, it worked. There ain't a drop of gas left in any of the other ranch cars. The phone was cut at dinnertime. It's two hard hours by horse to the next nearest phone—and you'll be halfway to the line by then. Lee will get you through. That was a funny one. I had three of the crew go up the hill. When they saw me blinkin' my headlights they began shootin' at the stars. McCredie was ready to think anything."

"It's the calaboose for you."

"What for? Nobody can prove—"

"Hughie—"

"It's all right, Nick."

Silence, and all that lay behind silence, came upon them; the speedometer needle quivered at seventy. The moment of excitement was gone, and the fun was gone, and pretty soon the old loneliness would be back again, doubly harsh from the little surcease that had been. Hugh gripped the wheel, pushed the foot-throttle flat to the floorboards. You took it and you liked it. Things happened all around him. There was a lot of laughter and warm light, and gay people having their fun, and a flurry of old times as the posse closed down. But everything happened to somebody else, and pretty soon the noise would die and he'd be back where he'd started—Elkhorn's foreman, circling the ranch in a dusty car while the seasons rolled on. Well, you took it and you liked it.

A faint, blinking gleam crossed the road ahead and vanished. He braked down. His lights suddenly picked up a car parked in the middle of the road, and Lee Crimmins waiting behind it. Hugh stopped and said, "On your way, kid," and got out. But there was something here. Julia Latimer came into the lights—and Ellen ran up, stopped and ran on, dead into Nick Rathjen's arms, crying: "I'm going, Nick!"

THERE they were, alone in that yellow flood. For Julia had moved up until she stood beside Hugh; and Lee Crimmins, impatient to be away, had started his engine. Nothing, Hugh thought bitterly, seemed to matter to them—neither time, nor pursuit, nor the long future. It was like a hunger that made people crazy. Well, he understood that. Understood it and regretted it.

They broke apart and came toward him. Lee Crimmins yelled: "Come on—come on!" Ellen walked up to Hugh and threw her arms around him and kissed him. He saw her face glowing with a strange fire, and when she spoke the words sang: "I can't help it, Hugh! God bless you—and I'm happy!"

He said, huskily: "Remember your uncle Hugh at Christmas."

"Hurry up!" shouted Lee Crimmins.

Nick Rathjen got Hugh's hand. "It's all right, kid. So long!" And then they were in the car and it was a roaring shape in the distance. Silence crept back—like stillness after storm.

Julia said, wistfully: "Well, Hugh?"

"If they want it that bad, that's all right."

"How about us?"

He said, dismally: "Don't bring that up. I'm at the end of my rope."

"Isn't it time? You were mistaken with them. You might be mistaken again. What about sentiment—you'd have ruined yourself getting Nick clear. Whose sentiment is that?"

He stood there, sagged down by a depression which wasn't physical. She had turned, the perfume of her satin head fragrantly near, the lovely outline of her face alive and anxious. She seemed to be listening, she seemed to be waiting; then, abruptly, she got her arms around his neck and pulled him down. Her laugh was gay and jubilant in that pale darkness.

"There isn't any use. There simply isn't any use offering me as a sacrifice to the gods. I'm like Ellen—I've got to have what I want."

"Well, there isn't any question about my wanting you. It never was that, Julia."

"I knew it long ago. Hugh—I'm back home—for good! Bend lower!"

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Slander

Continued from page 21

failed her in her moment of greatest need.

A block from her apartment house he began to think more clearly. He alighted and entered a drug store and thumbed the telephone directory. Of course one couldn't find a lawyer in his office on Sunday night, but Pelley must have a phone at his home. He searched the Manhattan directory, however, in vain, and was giving up in despair when it occurred to him that other people besides his intimate friends lived on Long Island. He located Pelley in Roslyn and got him on the phone.

"This is Herbert Cranston speaking. Could you possibly give me Miss Blaisdell's address?"

"I wish that I could, Mr. Cranston. I tried to persuade her that you were the one to whom she should turn. But she was stubborn. I don't know where she is. You're in the phone book, aren't you? As soon as I hear from her I'll let you know."

Cranston humbled himself, and found humility not too difficult a burden.

"Even if she doesn't want me to know where she is—you'll tell me?"

"Instantly," promised the lawyer.

IT OCCURRED to Cranston, as one remembers an unimportant detail, that he had not eaten since luncheon. So he left his car parked before the drug store and walked over to a hotel. He sat at a table in the corner of the downstairs dining-room and ordered dinner. And as he ate he tried to think. But it was utterly impossible for him to put himself in Martha's place. He could not hazard the remotest guess as to where she might have gone. He wondered how much money she had, and regretted that he had not asked Pelley about that. Well, he'd telephone the man at his office in the morning. In the meantime there was nothing he could do. So he finished his meal and walked out to his car.

He opened the door and stepped into the machine. He was far from a coward, but as he felt a hand touch him he experienced an instant of panic. But his was the type that reacted courageously to danger. Panic could not stay with him long.

"Who the—"

Now it was not a hand that touched him, but something hard that pressed against his side.

"You cry out and you won't make any more noise," said the intruder.

The indignation that, succeeding panic, had caused Cranston to begin a sentence and a movement of aggression simultaneously now gave way to caution, and words and action died in him.

"I've been laying for a chance to get hold of you," said the man. His voice became louder now and Cranston recognized Ansted. "I've been out at Green Point, but you're never alone. But now you are alone. I want to talk business with you."

"That's a gun in my ribs, isn't it?" demanded Cranston.

"You bet it is," was Ansted's reply.

"You can get ten years for this," said Cranston.

"And I can get the chair for what I'm ready to do to you," said the former valet of Gerrish. "Now you listen to me. I haven't any job. I can't get any job. Men have been looking for me and I know who they are. They're immigration men and they're going to deport me. Going to send me back to England. And I'll have to live on the dole, if I'm lucky enough to get it. And it's all your fault. I don't care what anybody says, you and Miss Blaisdell and Dr. Baxter are responsible for my master's death. But she hasn't any money and the doctor hasn't a dime, and so you're going to pay. I want fifty thousand from you."

Cranston laughed.

"I suppose you think I carry trifles like that around with me," he said.

"You can get it," said Ansted grimly.

"On Sunday night?" laughed Cranston. One who knew him well would have known that when Cranston laughed nervously he was on the verge of action.

"Monday morning will do," said the valet. "And you know I'll give you this: if you say you'll pay me, you won't call in the police. You won't break your word. Now, I don't know just how much sense you have. But if you have any at all you'll know that I mean business. I'd just as soon die in the chair as starve. If you don't think I mean it, make a move."

Cranston had boxed at college; he had used his pugilistic knowledge in subduing mutiny in his expeditions. He could feel a relaxation that he couldn't see. He knew exactly that moment in

(Continued on page 46)

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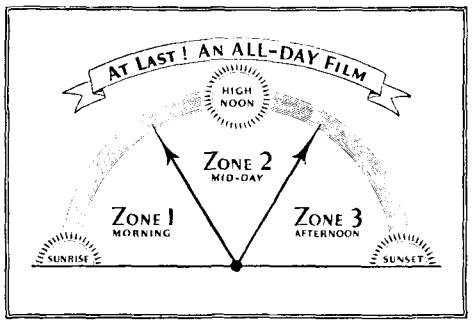

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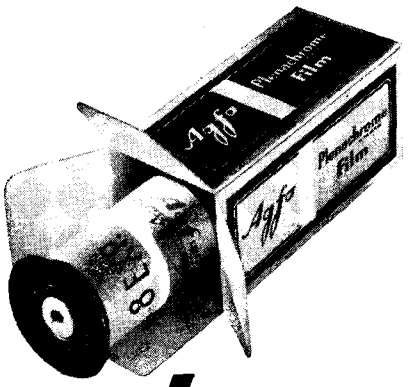

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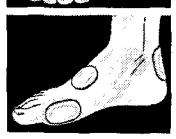

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(Continued from page 45)

belligerency when an opponent, having reached the peak of his effort, relaxes slightly. This relaxation comes sometimes in the middle of action and sometimes at the end of speech that just precedes action. It came now as Ansted ceased speaking. The last thing in the world he expected was for Cranston to resist him now. He would expect resistance in a moment, but not in the very second that he had finished his threat.

And Cranston, alert as he had ever been in his life, twisted in his seat, caught the man's left hand with his own right hand, shoved it backward and upward as he swung his left fist in a half arc at the white blur in the gloom that was the valet's face.

IT WAS ridiculously easy. Ansted had no strength, no resistance. He was a captive in Cranston's grip, a dazed and bewildered captive, in the tiniest possible fraction of time after he had finished his threat.

Cranston thrust the man's revolver in his jacket pocket. He shook the man out of the semiconsciousness to which one blow had reduced him.

"You'd better let the immigration people catch you," he said. "I'm not going to hand you over to the police. I'm going to give you a chance to get away. But remember this: You'll never be able to do me harm. You're the kind of man that has to tell a person what you're going to do; you can't help that, Ansted. You have to work yourself up, and you'd never have a chance with me, or with any man that wasn't afraid. You've been following me, eh? And it might occur to you to annoy Miss Blaisdell. Better get rid of any idea like that. You're not afraid to die in the chair, you say. Perhaps you're not. But you won't die in the chair if you threaten me again. You'll die much more unpleasantly. I promise you that. Now get out."

He leaned across the man, opened the right-hand door, and literally kicked and pushed Ansted into the street.

He started his car and before he had gone half a block the incident had practically left his mind. A danger past was nothing to think about. He had gone through too many dangers in his adventurous career to suffer any later reaction. And he knew men. He knew absolutely that Ansted, having reached his great moment of menace, was not the kind to have a second great moment. He had wanted blackmail, and now he had tried extortion; he wouldn't try anything again.

As he crossed Broadway a thought came to him: Pete Baxter might know something about Martha. This was a ridiculous idea, he instantly told himself. Why would Martha communicate with Pete when she denied herself to the man she loved?

Nevertheless, if only for companionship, if only to discuss the horrid events of a week ago, he'd drop in on Pete.

He had some slight difficulty in locating St. John's Square, but he found himself there in a few minutes, and as he drove completely around the grassy enclosure he frowned reminiscently. Only a week ago he and Pete had done this same thing, in order to assure themselves that no one would see them as they took Gerrish into the doctor's office. Tonight he drove around the square because he couldn't at first find Pete's office. Now he saw it with the sign, faintly illuminated: "St. John's Clinic." He stopped the car and alighted. He crossed the sidewalk and would have pressed the bell but that the door was ajar. He walked in and found himself in that large room where he had helped carry Gerrish a week ago.

"Pete," he called.

Then he backed toward the door. Baxter was not in his office, but there was a woman seated by the doctor's desk. She had looked up, startled, at his call. Recognition was mutual and instant.

"Millie," he said.

Millicent Cragin laughed.

"Don't retreat. You've found me. And you're very unsophisticated, Herbie. A gentleman of experience in these matters would never have mentioned my name. Then I could have hoped you didn't recognize me."

"Does it really matter that I recognize you?" Cranston laughed.

"I don't suppose it does," replied Millie. "Only we like the record of our failures to be a secret."

Cranston now advanced into the room and sat down beside her. He snapped a lighter to the cigarette which she produced from a case, and she puffed it.

"Failures? I thought that in the bright lexicon of Millie—"

She interrupted him with a wave of her cigarette.

"The lexicon isn't bright and the only illuminated word in it is the word failure," she said.

Cranston was deliberately obtuse.

"I wouldn't know what you mean."

"Well, your sister would and so would Trudie. Even dear old Bob would understand. But if you're too polite to comprehend, then be discreet enough not to mention that you found me here. Gossip I don't mind, but I don't want my defeat mentioned."

"And still I haven't an idea on earth what you're talking about," he told her.

"Well, I'm not in here as a patient. You've heard about Mohammed and the mountain. Well, if a young man can't be persuaded to come out to Long Island, or to drop in for tea, one must be a female Mohammed and go to the mountain."

There was no use trying to misunderstand any longer. For reasons best known to herself Millie was letting it be clear.

"AND where is the mountain at this moment?" asked Cranston.

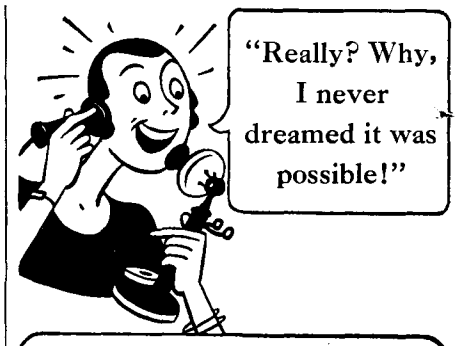
"Wouldn't you know? Wouldn't it just be Millie's luck? I slip quietly down here—and am I the brazen thing! —and just about shatter Pete Baxter's sense of convention to pieces. In parentheses, let me assure you that convention and Pete are bosom pals. He isn't one of those doctors that tell the ladies to come in for special treatment after the regular hours. Bert, he's naïve. He's actually been out of his mind with embarrassment since I blew in here. And was he overjoyed when some silly woman telephoned in a panic that her child had broken his leg or his neck or something! I hope it's a neck because then Pete will come back sooner. And I promise you he won't be a bit excited at finding me still waiting here. I'd sent my taxi away when I arrived, and he offered to get me another because he was going out.

"Now, what am I to do with a man like that? I wish you'd tell me, Bert. I found excuses this past week to telephone him, and when those telephone messages didn't bring him around I just came down here tonight. And I'll bet he'll stay out on that silly call hoping that I'll be worn out and depart. But I'm going to fool him; I'm going to stay here until he gets back."

Cranston lighted a cigarette; he blew a thoughtful smoke ring.

"You wouldn't make game of poor old Mr. Cranston, would you? I mean to say, it seemed to me that the real Millie was talking."

"The real Millie is dying to talk," she said. "I don't know what's come over me, Herbie. I usually can handle my flirtations decorously, suavely, with a



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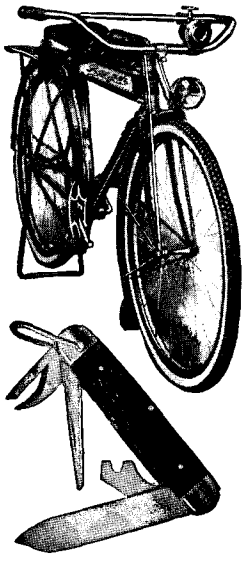

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practiced technique. I guess this isn't a flirtation. I don't know what it is. I just know that I'm too utterly damned miserable, and have reached the point where I want to tell someone about it. I'm in love, Herbie."

"Absurd. You're just playing games with me," said Cranston.

"Thanks for the exit, but I'm not using it. I'll talk or bust, and a busted lady wouldn't look pretty. Herbie, why should I want a freckle-faced, red-headed, gangling, obscure doctor? I hate medicine; I'd go frantic if my husband had to break a dinner date because a stupid patient chose to have appendicitis or a baby. I hate sick people. I'd hate to be married to a man whose life was devoted to service. I want a husband who will be devoted to me. I want a man that dances well, and likes to dance, and wants to stay up late at night enjoying himself. In fact, I want someone the exact opposite of Dr. Peter Baxter, but if I can't have Dr. Peter Baxter I'm going to break right down and cry."

CRANSTON stared at her. Women were strange creatures; they gave confidences—or withheld them—at the strangest moment. Tomorrow Millie would regret tonight's let-down. But at the moment she wanted to talk and be talked to.

"If you want him, Millie, I can't see any possible reason why you shouldn't get him. I don't know any man on earth that could resist you, Millie."

Millie lighted another cigarette.

"It may sound like boasting, Herbie, but I only know two. You're one and Pete Baxter is the other. And the reason is the same girl."

Cranston colored.

"I don't get you."

"Now, don't tell me that the eyes of love are less acute in you than they are in me," scoffed Millie. "You know perfectly well that Martha knocked over Peter just exactly as she floored you. Now will you, for the general betterment of all mankind, and for the particular peace of mind of Millicent Cragin, please hurry up and take Martha off the market? I want to tell you that I can catch hearts on the rebound even if I can't always catch them on the fly. You'll be making three people happy the day you marry Martha: you, her and me. And then, my pet, in not too long a time I'll be making Pete happy. So you see the great good that will be accomplished by your abandoning dilatory tactics."

"Dilatory?" Cranston was bitter. "Don't you think I'd have married her last Tuesday if she'd have had me?"

"You mean to say that Martha won't do it? What sort of man are you? Why don't you *make* her marry you?"

Confidence begets confidence. The frankness of Millie aroused an equal frankness in Cranston.

"I came in town to make her do that very thing, and I can't find her. She's moved, and left no address."

Millie's eyes narrowed.

"And you came in to find out if Pete had heard anything from her? Is that it?"

Cranston evaded her eyes.

"I hadn't seen Pete since Monday. No, I didn't think he knew anything about Martha. Why would he?"

"There aren't ever any answers to questions like that when you're in love," replied Millie. "But I can tell you that he doesn't know anything about her, because I asked him. And if that's all you came in for, you have your answer. I can't see any reason on earth why you should wait for his return. He may be gone hours and hours and hours."

Despite his mood, Cranston laughed.

"In other words, you want to be alone with Pete?"

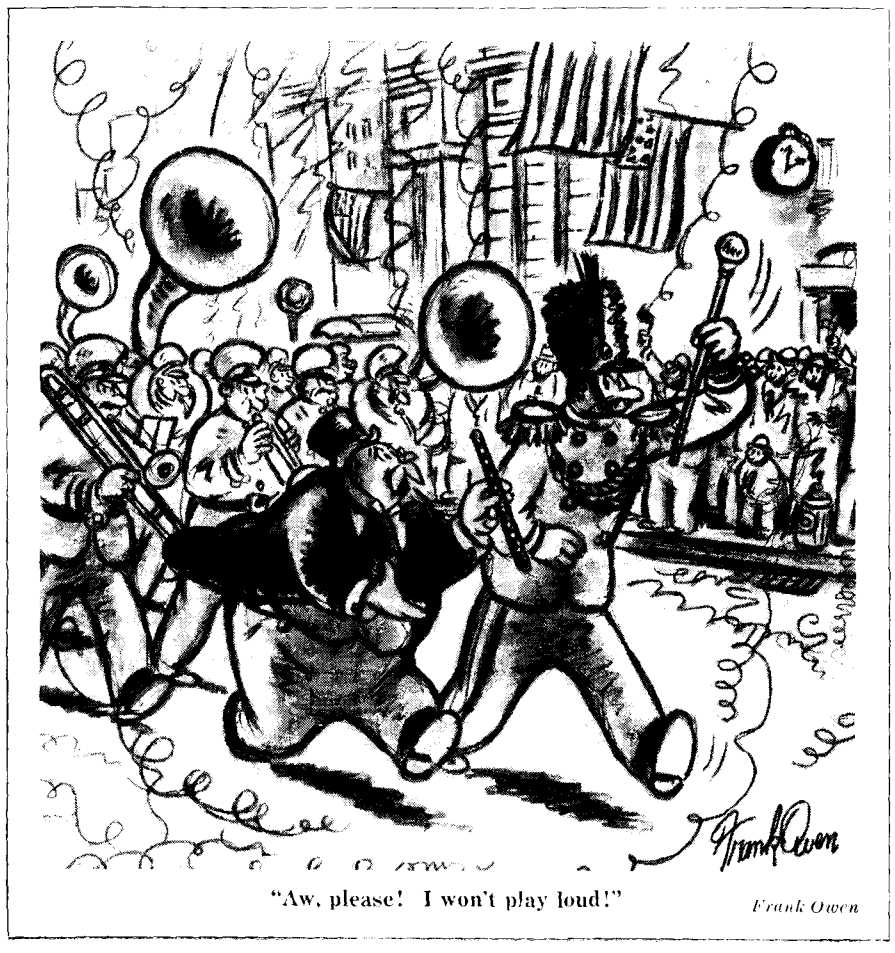
"Silly of me, isn't it? And pushing and forward and shameless. Nevertheless, I'm all of those things. I swear, Bert, I think I'd do almost anything on earth to get that red-headed doctor to marry me, and now will you get the devil out of here before I hate you because I've talked too much to you?"

"Don't hate me, Millie. And I wish you all the luck in the world."

"You find Martha and marry her: that's all the luck I want," said Millie.

Cranston walked out of the office and climbed into his car. He whistled softly as he drove away. Hard-boiled Millie Cragin! Millie, who took them all in her stride, who broke hearts for the sheer joy of destruction, and whose own

(Continued on page 48)



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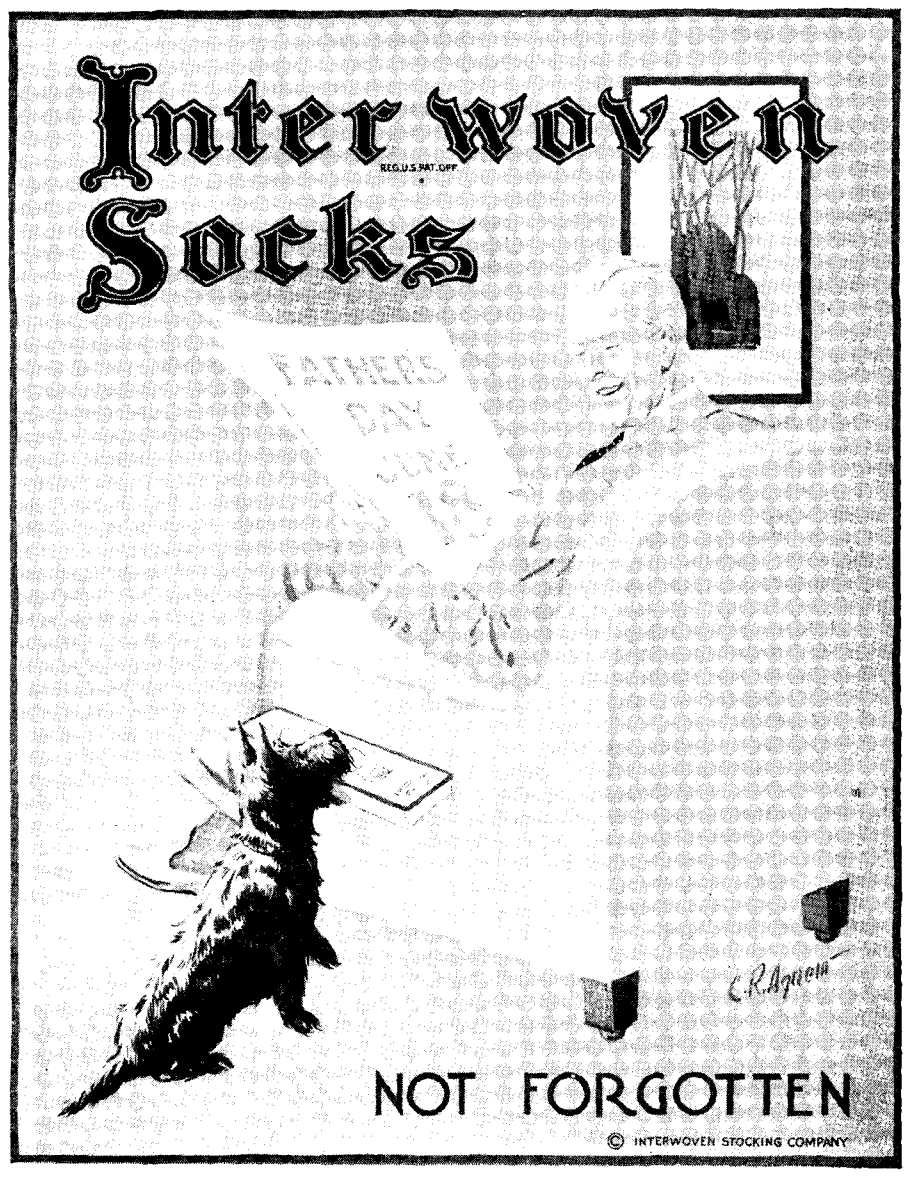

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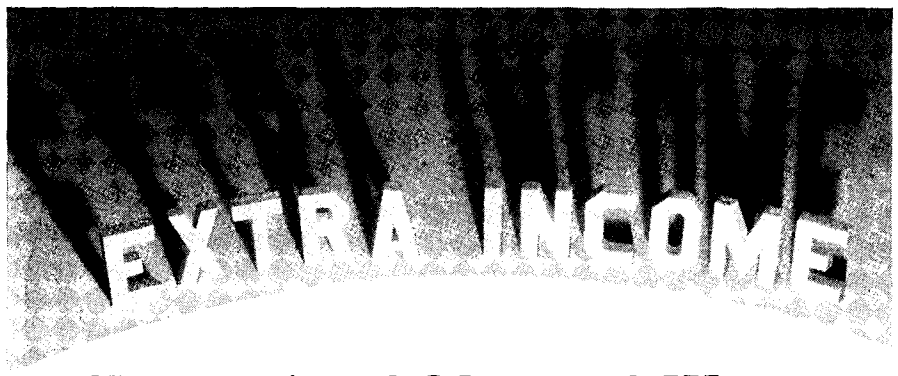

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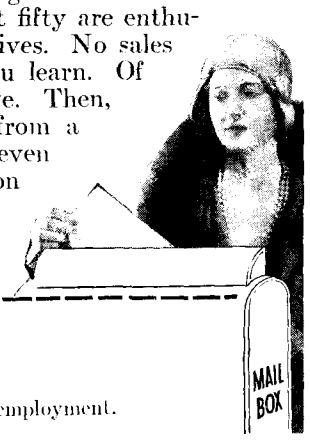

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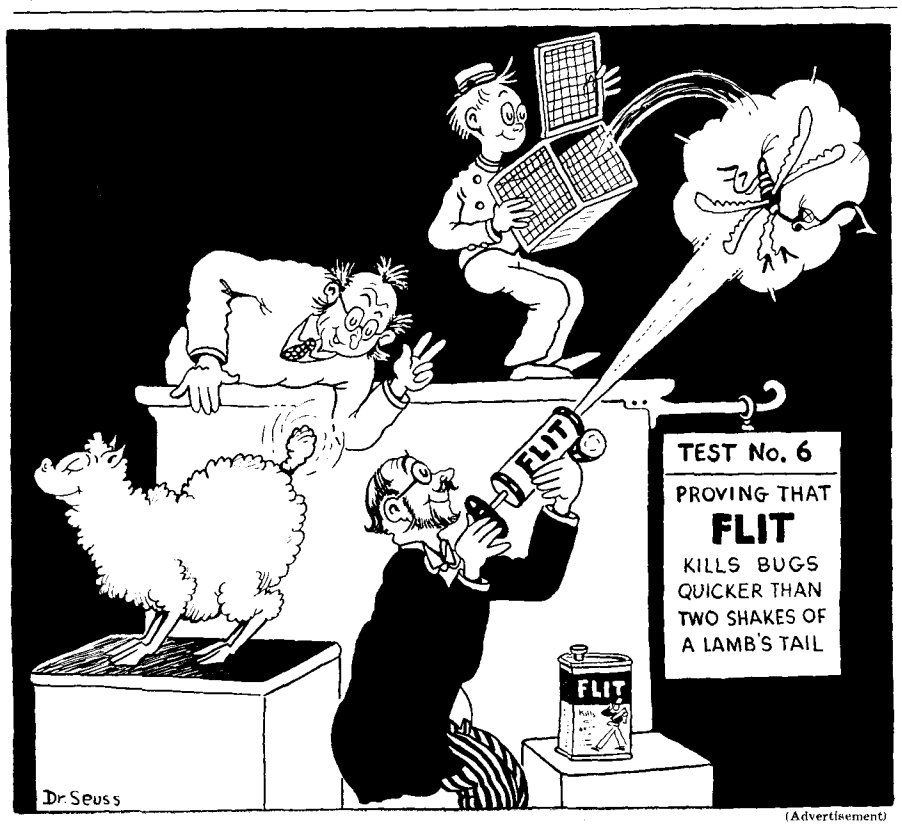

(Advertisement)

(Continued from page 47)

heart had never been stirred since Callie Curtayne died! Sort of tough.

But he forgot Millie before he had reached his own house. He was curt with the butler, who let him in. He knew that his two servants must be as aware that something was wrong with his romance with Martha as everyone else must be. In fact, he wouldn't have put it past his sister Letty to have telephoned old Dan and his wife to look after him with special care. Indeed, had he found Letty here in intimate conversation with Dan and Mary it would have seemed quite natural. Dan and Mary were almost as much a part of the Cranston family as were Letty and Bert. But he felt that he couldn't stand sympathy.

He went to his room, undressed and went to bed. He had never been too imaginative but tonight his thoughts ran riot. What despair must have possessed Martha to make her disappear like this! It was dawn before he went to sleep.

IT WAS dawn, too, before Martha went to sleep. This was her second night in the dingy lodging house to which she had resorted, and she doubted if she could stand many more such nights. She had spent all day Sunday taking stock of herself. She had no training. She could not be a secretary without months of hard training—training, too, which she could not afford. She doubted if she could hold a position as a sales girl if she were able to get one. For any office work she felt herself totally unfitted.

She lacked stupid conceit; she had never thought, looking at an actress, that she could do as well or better in the same part. She knew that whatever work she managed to secure would have to be something natural to her, the outgrowth of her life and environment. And she narrowed these outgrowths to two things: She could be a model or she could be some sort of companion.

She was pretty enough and graceful enough of figure to succeed as a model. But these were hard times; it must be difficult for the most experienced and popular mannequin to obtain employment these days. And there was an instant objection to such employment raised in her mind. In any shop in New York, of any standing, she would be recognized at once. If she had never happened to patronize the concern, one of the first half dozen customers who entered the place would certainly recognize her. For that matter, her picture had been printed so many times during the past week that recognition was liable to meet her anywhere. There was another objection: she could not face the idea that she could earn her living only by display of her face and body. She had no cheap prudery about such a method of self-support, but vanity entered into it. However, this was unimportant. Even if she got such a position the storm of notoriety that would again break about her head would force her to abandon it.

Remained only, then, a place as governess. And she knew just where to apply, and at nine-fifteen on Monday morning she entered the private office of Mrs. Detwiler. That grandame looked up with annoyance at the young woman who had refused to give her name but had forced her way into the Detwiler sanctum. Then recognition appeared in her somewhat rheumy old eyes. She arose stiffly from the very businesslike swivel chair behind her severe desk and walked past Martha and closed the door leading to the outer office. She turned back and took Martha in her arms.

"You poor, dear darling," she said.

Martha released herself gently.

"Don't poor-dear-darling me," she said, "or I'll break right down and sob. I want a job. Now don't ask me questions about Bert Cranston; don't ask me any questions at all. I want a job as companion—I might even manage to teach French to a young girl. But I want an out-of-town job. I want a place among people who won't know me. Can it be done?"

Agatha Detwiler looked closely at Martha. Martha's grandmother and Agatha Detwiler had been belles together in the nineties. The panic of ninety-three had cost Mrs. Detwiler a fortune and a husband who had not been strong enough to face poverty, and the widow had carried on her agency for forty years. The elder fashionables of New York had never abandoned Agatha. To the younger ones she was not so well known, although there were a few, like Martha, who knew her and respected as well as liked her. Agatha Detwiler had built up a successful business in a day when successful business women were rare.

"You'll have to change your name. I'll have to forge references; I'll have to do all sorts of things that will probably get me in trouble with the police and the state department, and I shall simply adore doing it," said Mrs. Detwiler. "You can pose as an English girl. Your name is Clara Tranter. I picked that name and that nationality, because a girl was coming from England to take a position that I had got for her. On the boat she met an Australian, fell in love with him and sailed last week for Sydney. She'll never be back here. She left her passport with me; she didn't need it any more, once she was married. There's a woman coming in this morning who wants an English companion-governess for her daughter of sixteen. The governess must be able to speak French fluently. This Tranter girl came from Norfolk; you know the country well. I see no reason why you shouldn't take it.

"Mrs. Gray—your prospective employer—lives in Blairsport, Michigan. She is a nice, well-bred, commonplace woman. She has been a widow for years. She has no acquaintance in New York, none even in Detroit. Her daughter is a semi-paralytic, and they go nowhere. They don't even belong to the country club in Blairsport. In the winter they take a cottage in some quiet, not very popular resort in Florida, so that the daughter may have the benefit of the sunshine. It's a position that I would recommend to practically none of the young ladies on my list. It is too dull, too lonesome. But for you, at the moment, it would be ideal. For I take it that you want to get away from everything and everyone. Which is understandable, Martha my dear, only I would be untrue to my love for your grandmother and your mother and yourself, if I didn't tell you—"

Martha raised a hand.

"Please, dear Mrs. Detwiler. I've thought it all over."

"BUT you haven't thought of the possibility of staying right here in New York. You've lost your money; I know that—everyone knows it. And you can't accept things. I know. I couldn't. But, Martha, I could take you in here with me; I need a young woman to manage things for me, to be my partner—"

Again Martha held up her hand.

"I want to go with Mrs. Gray," she said.

Agatha Detwiler believed in offering advice but not in forcing it upon people. At three that afternoon Martha entrained with Mrs. Gray, her new employer, for Blairsport, Michigan. She fought against the tears. Life was ended. Or so she thought.

(To be continued next week)

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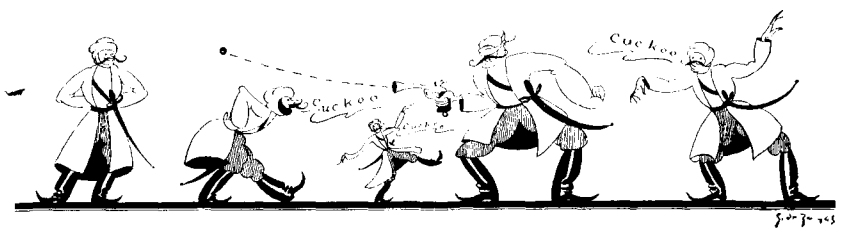


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

When life becomes desperately dull in many of the lonely outposts of Afghanistan, the soldiers play *kukushka*. They dodge around a blindfolded man, who fires a loaded revolver in their direction whenever they shout "cuckoo" at him. Apparently the object of the game is to see how long they can play—and live.

The only people in the world who still use Latin as their social language are the villagers in the Engadine, a large valley in Switzerland. —*By Mary N. Marden, London, England.*

Despite the general impression that it is impossible to earn a substantial income in Soviet Russia today, writing is a highly paid occupation there and one author in Moscow is known to have made more than $30,000 last year.

The Theater Museum of Cologne is the greatest one of its kind. The exhibits, which depict dramatic activity in the principal countries during several centuries, comprise thousands of costumes, masks, models of stage sets, marionettes, sketches of scenes, manuscripts, photographs, posters, programs and even contracts.

The most famous interdict in history was the papal decree that forbade public worship throughout England in the early part of the 13th century. All the churches were closed and their bells silenced for more than four years.—*By V. L. Ardiff, Chicago, Illinois.*

Scotland Yard now is using motion pictures to hunt criminals. The films, which are exhibited in all theaters, not only show photographs of the fugitives and give a dramatic description of their appearance and of the crime, but appeal to the public to notify the Yard at once if they have been seen.

When a person falls overboard from a large liner at sea, the ship always turns back and attempts a rescue, the cost of which averages about $600.

Fake automobile accidents, in which persons willing to be injured stage collisions with accomplices driving insured cars, cost the casualty insurance companies of the United States an average of about $275,000 a week during 1932.

About 75 countries and 1,000 ships at sea make daily reports of weather conditions by wireless for the preparation of the world weather map. Soon automatic devices will be helping in this work. Russia now has one—for use in isolated places such as deserts and mountains—that reports the weather by radio every few hours.

A military airplane can have 85 per cent of its surface riddled with bullets from anti-aircraft guns—and still fly.—*By Waldemar Campbell, Yakima, Washington.*

When insurance on ships and their cargoes was introduced generally in 14th-Century Europe, it was fanatically opposed on the grounds that it was an attempt to defeat financial disasters willed by God.—*By H. T. Wieand, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

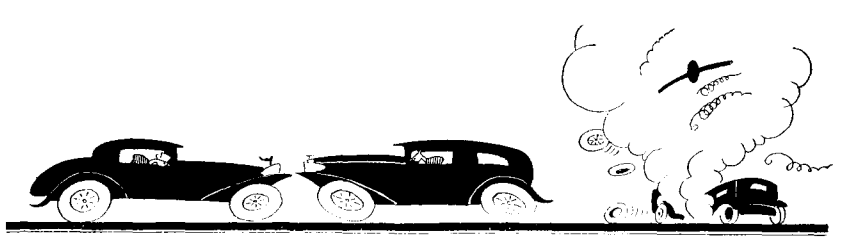
British airplanes were successful recently in using loud-speaker warnings instead of bombs to subdue rebel tribes in Africa and Kurdistan. Flying 4,000 feet high, the announcers in these machines made entire villages surrender by threats issued in thunderous tones, their voices being amplified 1,600,000 times.

The hatred of Empress Anne of Russia for a certain bridal couple attached to her court resulted, in 1740, in one of history's most singular honeymoons. She made them spend it in a large house built of ice and equipped with ice furniture —which she had constructed in the center of a frozen lake.

The French Academy of Science still offers an award of 100,000 francs to the first person who succeeds in communicating with any planet—except Mars. Mars is only 48,600,000 miles away.—*By Allen Glasser, New York City.*

Undoubtedly the most fantastic calculation on record was made by a famous French mathematician. It was the probable number of years that would be required for all the molecules in a building brick to act in spontaneous unison and cause it to leap 30 feet in the air. The figure, if written on a typewriter, would extend more than 12,000 miles.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Tomorrow!

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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* — WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* — CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Wise Planning

IF EVER we are to be secure in our jobs *the anti-trust laws must be repealed.*

The anti-trust laws condemn industry to anarchy. Reasonable self-government in industry is outlawed by the Sherman and Clayton Acts. So long as the anti-trust statutes remain on the law books, American industry is forbidden, under the penalty of prison sentences, to do precisely those things which must be done to provide steady jobs at decent wages for American workmen.

The anti-trust laws were enacted under the delusion that unrestricted competition, or business anarchy, would prove our salvation. Instead, it has bred disaster.

So we have attempted one by one to exempt various industries from the penalties of these laws. First we exempted farm organizations and labor unions. Then railroads were freed from some of the prohibitions of the law. Next, coal-mine operators were given certain exemptions.

These exceptions merely emphasize, however, the essential fallacy of the principle underlying the anti-trust laws. Government is as necessary in the economic field as it is in politics. Yet the very purpose of the anti-trust laws is to prevent any agreement concerning the reasonable conduct of business. The law demands warfare where reason and justice require coöperation.

The first sane step toward stabilization is the organization of trade associations covering the various branches of industry. Membership in these associations must be compulsory, so that all may live by the same rule.

The trade associations, under proper public supervision to prevent abuses of any sort, would have the authority, once the anti-trust laws are repealed, to establish rules and regulations for the decent administration of the industry.

The great goal is to provide steady work at fair wages.

The establishment of rational government in industry rests upon these three essentials:

1. Compulsory membership in trade associations.

2. Minimum prices fixed by trade associations subject to the review by public authority.

3. The variable work week with fixed minimum compensation regardless of the hours worked.

Each trade would govern itself unless and until it abused its freedom. Complaint might at any time be filed with the trade board or the governmental agency by anyone affected.

To accomplish this, minimum prices will prevent the senseless overproduction and the consequent sales at ruinous prices which have been so disastrous during the last few years.

Minimum prices will make possible the preservation of decent standards of pay and at the same time provide abundant opportunity for competition on the basis of quality and services. Competition under a minimum price system will be in better ideas, better manufacturing, better products and better selling.

But every individual and corporation must belong to its trade association. Noncoöperators outside can wreck any plan of government.

Minimum prices would make practicable fair wage rates and adequate yearly incomes. The actual work week would vary with demand, normally from thirty to forty-eight hours a week.

The purpose of such arrangements is to keep up buying and consuming power. A committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce, reflecting what is now dominant public sentiment on this matter, reported:

"There is an approach to unanimity of opinion that right wages and sustained high purchasing power of the great mass of our working people are essential to our economic well-being."

This means steady yearly incomes of sufficient buying power. Without such buying power industry on the American scale cannot prosper.

Manifestly the rules and operations even of well-intentioned trade associations must be supervised and regulated by public authority. Numerous suggestions to this end have been made and bills have been introduced in Congress. It has been proposed to give authority to certain members of the Cabinet or to the Federal Trade Commission.

The agency which would best serve would be an authority comparable to the United States Supreme Court. Such a body, established as a subsidiary of the Supreme Court, would represent the public interest.

The reason for fixing an authority in the Supreme Court is to assure getting men of the highest distinction and competence—men concerning whose ability and disinterestedness the public would have no doubt or question.

As recently as a year ago proposals such as these would have seemed too radical to be acceptable to American industry or labor. Times have changed. As P. W. Litchfield, President of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, said at the United States Chamber of Commerce meeting: "We are confronted by three years of evidence that conditions have steadily grown worse under the principle of individual initiative and that the efforts of the socially minded employer can be nullified by the greed of his competitor.

"Not many will contend that past policies are adequate to meet such a situation as we know to exist today, regardless of our firm belief in the principle of individual initiative. If we are to save our traditional freedom for the future, it is probable that we must make substantial concessions to what we have in the past classified as the more radical school of thought."

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"Selling price (at trade-in) 300.00
"Net cost 3,327.76
"Cost per mile at 103,000 miles . . . . . 3.23 cents

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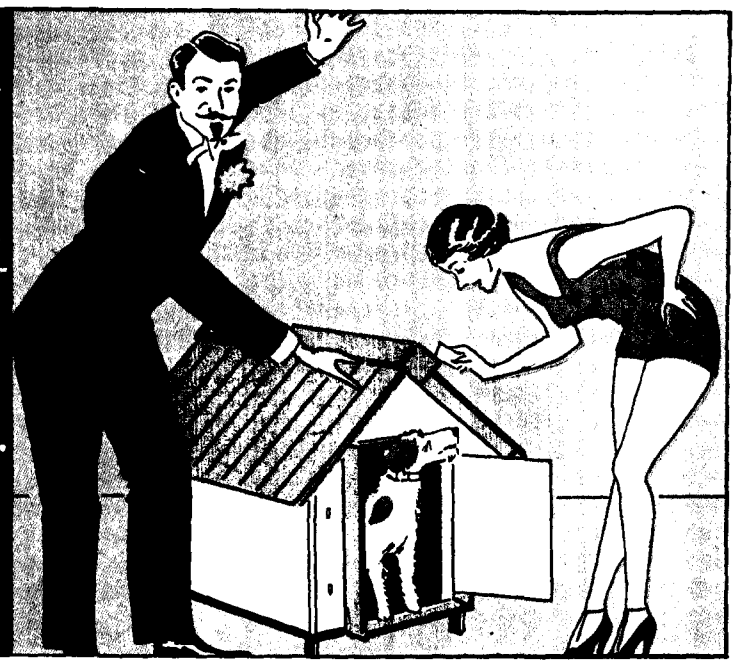
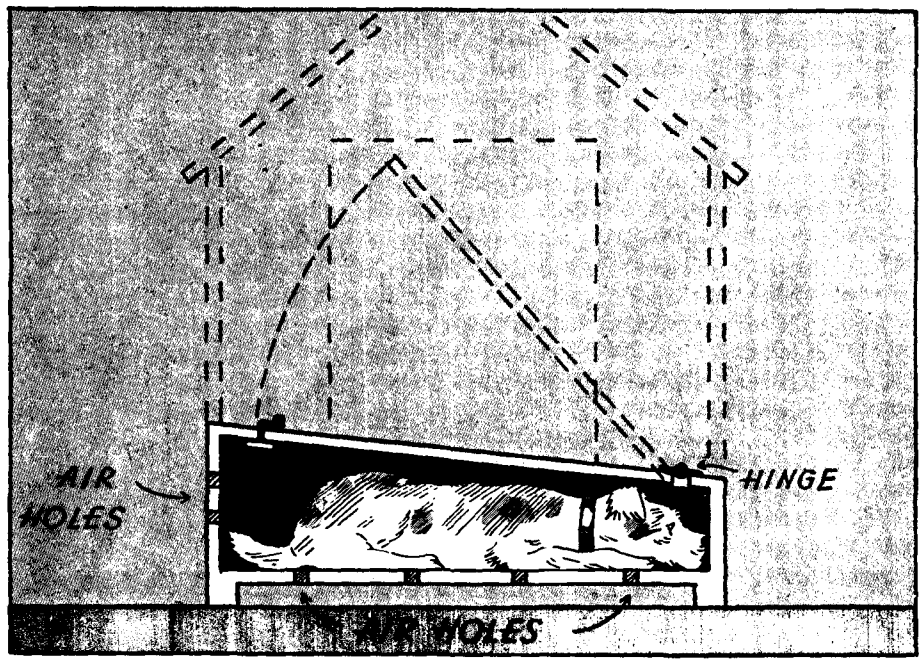


WANT TO KNOW HOW HE DID IT?

YES — IF YOU KNOW.

THE DOG WAS INSIDE THE PLATFORM ALL THE TIME.

WHEN THE KENNEL IS BUILT THE MAGICIAN PULLS A CATCH IN THE FLOOR AND THE DOG JUMPS OUT.



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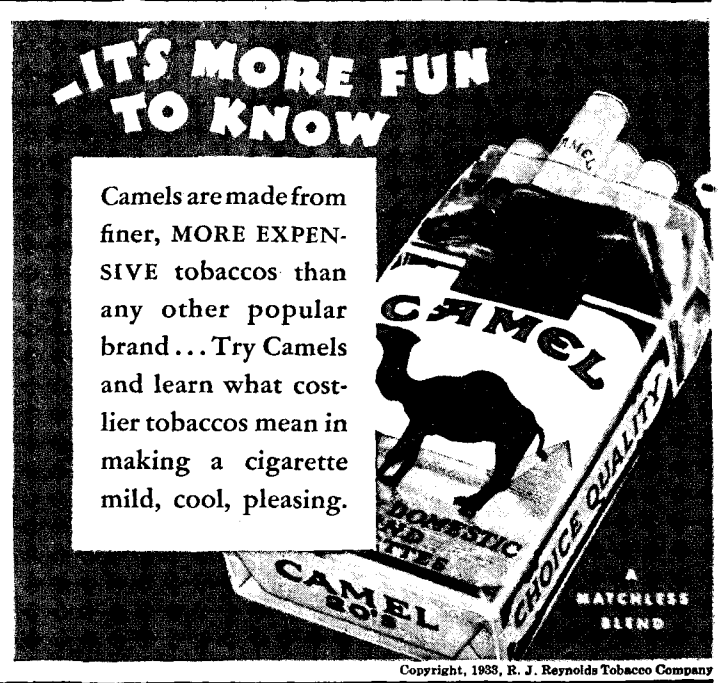

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